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JAN. 15

VOGUE

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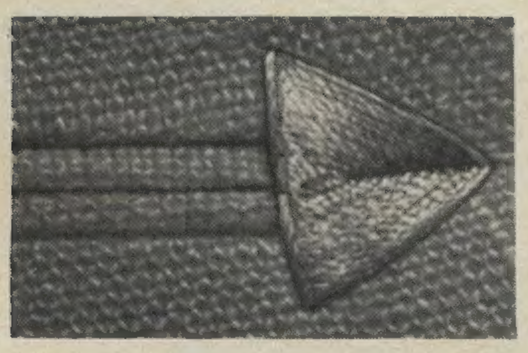
RECHARGING HEALTH AND VITALITY
SOME NEW AND CONTROVERSIAL EXPERIMENTS

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SNOW





There is nothing quite as nice as having someone take care of you.



We're willing to bet that when you get together with your friends and the talk turns to clothes, at least one of you is going to bring up the matter of quality and ask whatever happened to it.

We'd love to tell you that nothing did, but we're sure you've looked around and you know better. You're living in an age of plastic buttons and cracking belt buckles and unlined jackets and opening seams. You're living in an era that thumbs its nose at the couture and all it stands for.

We don't like it any more than you do. We refuse to go along with it and if that makes us loners, well then, we're glad to be.

Nothing will convince us that one good thing is a waste and any number of poor ones a blessing. Nothing will convince us that cheap clothes are anything but cheap clothes.

We reserve the right to make clothing as we see fit and what we've done is no secret to any responsible clothing designer. It is second nature.

Now not everyone needs, or wants, this kind of care. But there are those. And we will not slight you.



Evan-Picone

(There is nothing quite as nice)

Our Moygashel linen Collection is available at Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; and other respected stores throughout the country. Evan-Picone, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

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Untimid ostrich. Socializing with café au lait lace.
Our very own. $160.



JANUARY 15, 1968

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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PENATI

COVER: Glow—with more than a hint of health about it. Bio-Miracle is the makeup; the shade, Miracle Bronze. The lipstick is Super-Royal Red Copper—a shimmery red laced with bronze. Both by Germaine Monteil. Hair—with more than a hint of romance about it—dressed with daisies, the escaping tendrils falling softly to the face. The coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.

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a high belt
and wind-whirled skirt
for Malcolm Starr's
flowered cloque cotton
pettipant-dress

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Suburbia U.S.A. is the name of this delightful new travel collection. Young in spirit and bright in color, styled in fabrics that need only the mini-est care. Sports dresses, third floor, B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa. and Ridgewood/Paramus

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Front panel dress with striped belt. Rayon and silk. Haymarket grey or citron yellow. 8 to 16. 25.00

Dropped waist dress with dirndl skirt and scarf neckline. Rayon and silk. Spring violet or green. 6 to 16. 26.00

Hilton Head Island, near Savannah, is just one of the world's great playgrounds that lie along the routes of Delta Air Lines. Delta's warm, personal service has become a tradition that reaches from coast to coast, border to border, and through the Caribbean. It begins the moment you make instant reservations through Deltamatic.® And doesn't end until the last "goodbye" from your stewardess. Delta's the best thing that ever happened to air travel!

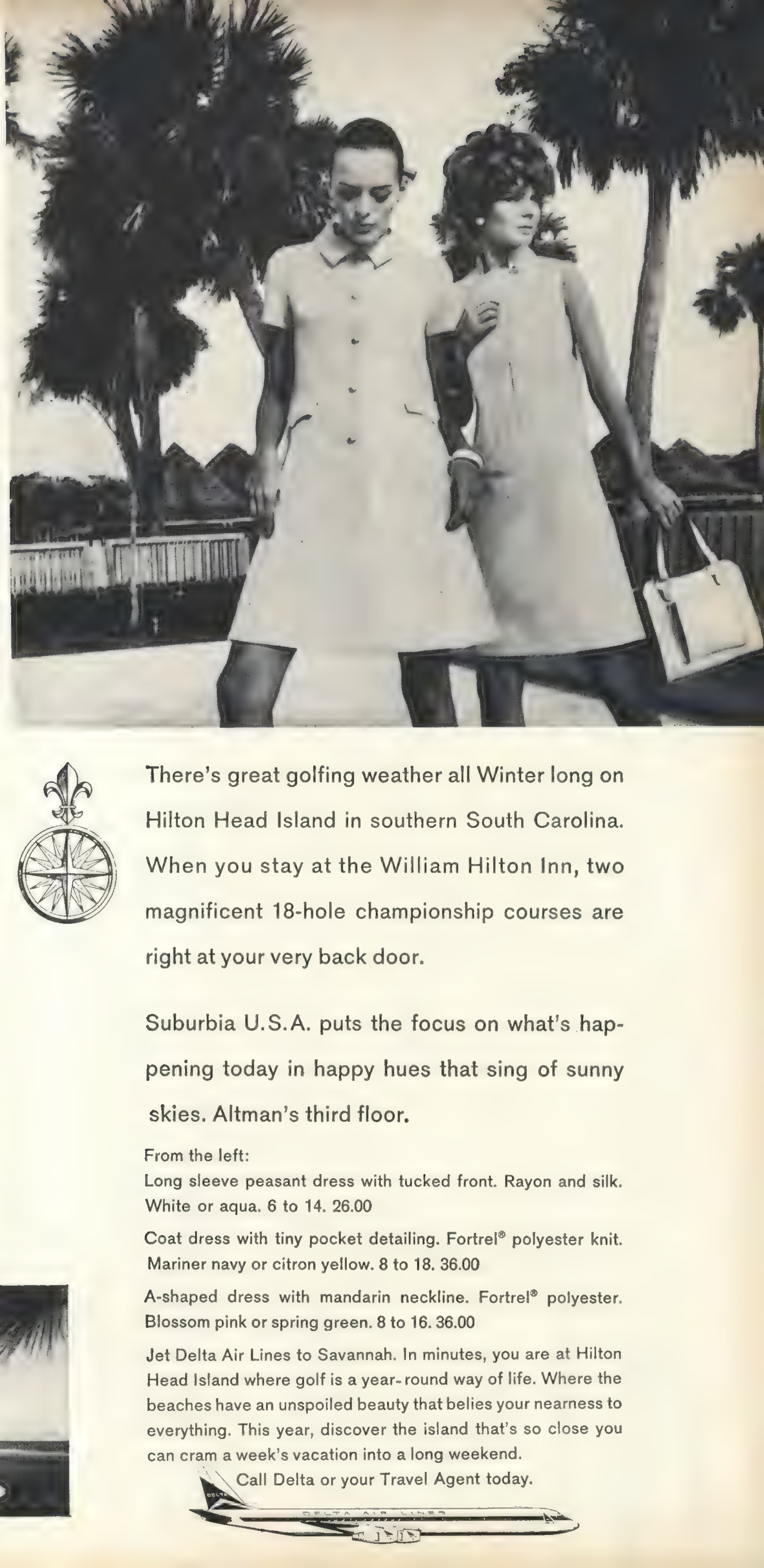
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There's great golfing weather all Winter long on Hilton Head Island in southern South Carolina. When you stay at the William Hilton Inn, two magnificent 18-hole championship courses are right at your very back door.

Suburbia U.S.A. puts the focus on what's happening today in happy hues that sing of sunny skies. Altman's third floor.

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Jet Delta Air Lines to Savannah. In minutes, you are at Hilton Head Island where golf is a year-round way of life. Where the beaches have an unspoiled beauty that belies your nearness to everything. This year, discover the island that's so close you can cram a week's vacation into a long weekend.

Call Delta or your Travel Agent today.

B Altman & Co







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Suburbia U.S.A. designs for the woman who finds adventure on all her travels. Altman's third floor.

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The fitted look, softly belted with contrasting color collar and sash. Rayon and silk. Citron yellow or green. 8 to 16. 25.00

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Sizes 7 to 15
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 15

Mirror go everywhere

Received from our Italian correspondent some excited jottings about "the marvellous and practical mirror with bulbs and travelling case to be placed on any table and plugged in." Where did she see it first? "At the Capri villa of Princess Irene Galitzine. She has two of them—one for travelling, the other to stay home on her coiffeuse in Rome. Black crocodile-looking with pink lining." We divined that she referred to Mirror-Go-Lightly, the two-faced mirror—one magnifying, other not—with recessed lighting, that plugs in anywhere. All beds down in travel case with storage room for makeup. Any questions? Yes. If it works here at home, how come it can also do with that tricky European current? Answer came in next mail. The people at Mirror-Go-Lightly have fixed things so all their mirrors (different kinds and sizes) will light up in Great Britain, Europe, South America. It's done with a few ounces of bulbs and adaptors in a small plastic box. Kindergarten-clear directions tell you what to use where. They also tell you that the adaptors are not transformers. Meaning they won't run your hair dryer or iron. Can't make us mad. So long as we can get our makeup on before the *paparazzi* catch us. . . .

When a body just wants to lie there



WAKAMATSU

If you could take four small silvery-lined walls—without a roof—set them up in any sunny spot, then go climb in and just lie there. . . . Hold on. Yes, now there are such things. Anne-Marie Bennstrom, the healthy, beautiful, health-and-beauty lady who gave the world her V-Bar Exerciser, has again divined some women's subconscious longings. A new idea, called the Sun Cove, it's a wind protector, a sun reflector, a miniature world of calm and privacy. Made with vinyl outside, sun-catching, tan-boosting brightness inside, in four-fold panels, like a horizontal screen. You can pitch the Sun Cove on a hillside, beach, ship deck, your own patio or garden. As you can imagine, it's warmer inside with all those sunbeams bouncing around. So you can bikini in it, even on cool days, or you can strip to the buff. (Passing sky people will presumably be blinded by the glare. Anyway, they'll never know it's you.) Sun Cove is made in two sizes with panels either two- or four-feet-high; has handles for carrying. Flower-leaf prints or man-type designs. Large, about $60. Small, about $50. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th. . . .

Short hair: how it's taking. . . .

How many of the short-haired curly haircuts one sees today are genuine haircuts? How many are wigs? Hard to say without some actual hair-pulling, a procedure not exactly in our line of work. But strictly *nous avant* (a phrase of the late Frank Crowninshield that somehow always killed us), we are astonished at the number of chicerinos who've had a lot to lose in the way of glorious hair, but apparently could hardly wait to get that hair cut off and permanent-waved. How do the reviews read? Mixed. *Splendidly* when the hair is really short, shaped, not a victim of compromise. *Badly* when it waggles and frills in the breeze (indicator of inadequate cutting) and when skin shows fore or aft the ear (fill-in wanted here). . . .

THE PRINCE OF PRINTS
FERRO & HIS BAN-LON® HAREM



Ferro himself—photographed beside the favoured ones.
At right, glistening washes of Ferro-colour on a long Ban-Lon evening swirl,
it's called "In Flight." About $110. Hand-dyed suncolours at his feet on a slick little Ban-Lon dress.
"Launching Pad" is Ferro's name for it. About $75. Legs to match. About $50.
These, just two from Ferro Ettehadieh's carefree Ban-Lon Harem Collection
at the stores listed below.

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An easy-going "A" line beach shift for easy-going Puerto Vallarta.
Sun and sea won't faze its terry cloth; anything goes in the kangaroo pocket.
Cotton. Orange/tangerine or royal/lime. Small, medium, large. 25.00

A really good holiday should end with a little vacation. And if you're headed for Mexico, you're in luck. There's a special hideaway for you—painted velvet green, rimmed by soaring mountains thick with jungle, finished with a lick of soft blue ocean and soft sunny sand.
Its name is Puerto Vallarta, and it nestles in a curve of Pacific coastline, granting your every get-away wish. There's a palette of seaside hues to soothe your eye, and unlimited license not to do anything you don't want to. Throw away your shoes, fish, paddle, wade, sun, laze, drink coconut milk. Or board a boat for the tiny village of Yelapa, with its beautiful Hotel Lagunita. Stay in your own thatched hut, talk to the local parrots, fill up on lobster and turtle-steak and swim in crystal water—knowing you've gone about as far as you can go. These are just a few of the joys a true getaway artist can find—you'll dream up some of your own! Then, when the time comes (as come it must) to get back, hop over to Mexico City, and put yourself in the gentle hands of Eastern Airlines.



Your get away plane

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A dress you'll go far in. Because its bold, happy print must have been made with Mexico in mind.
Because the bell sleeves and "A" shape are equally at home on the streets of Mexico City, or in rustic Yelapa.
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sports high pleat. By Mario Forte for Handmacher. It's all wool—
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The American Way With Wool

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in natural fiber for unequalled clarity and perfection. Designed by
Mario Forte. Sand beige, hot pink. 6-16. About $200. American
Wool Council, Dept. WJ-3867, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.

The American Way With Wool

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On Guadeloupe, for instance, there are miles of powdery white sand and palm groves at Sainte-Anne. At Le Moule, the sand is a deep ochre like weathered bronze.

Along the Caribbean coast of Martinique, there are beaches where the sand is an incredible pitch black. And on St. Martin, the little island we share with the Dutch, there are dozens of quiet silvery coves.

But great as all our beaches are to look at, you can't even see the greatest thing about them.

Our beaches are French. And if it doesn't show on our beaches, it certainly does show every place else.

Our hotels are French. And full of atmosphere. If you feel like splurging, what may very well be the poshest hotel in the entire Caribbean is on St. Martin. But if you'd like to be kinder to your budget, we can arrange that, too.

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In the French Caribbean, everything is French.

By the time you leave, who knows?

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France in the Caribbean



MR. DINO

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For Resort information on "La Belle Creole" write: 270 Park Avenue, Suite 1685, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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La Belle Créole

A privately owned
Village and Resort
at Cap Dorade
St. Martin, French Antilles



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(above)
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(opposite, right)
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LA BELLE CRÉOLE

AT CAP DORADE • ST. MARTIN • FRENCH ANTILLES

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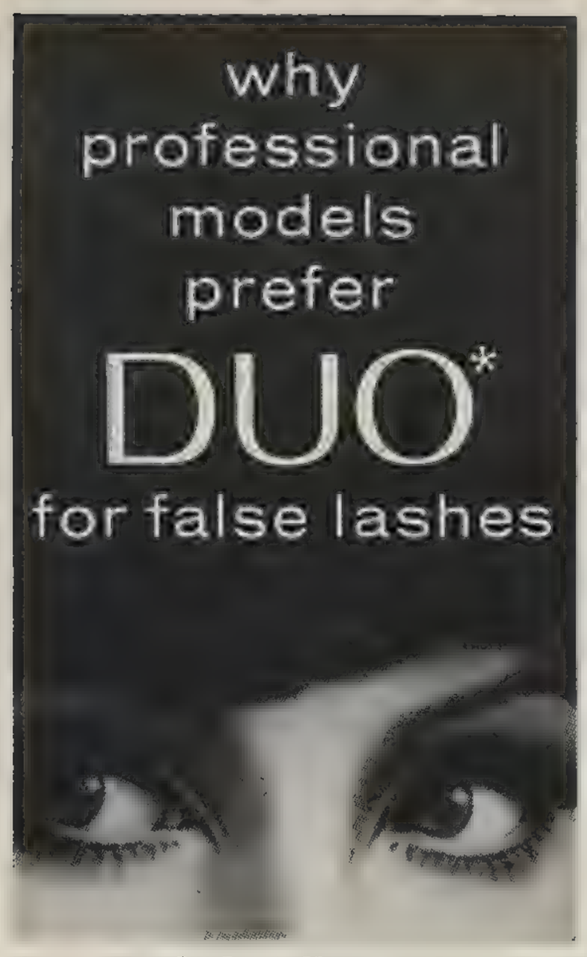


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Yesterday Girl, "squeezed from society"

Yesterday Girl is perhaps a rarer achievement than it seems on the surface, a statement about German heavy-handedness done with a light and even often gay touch. Its young heroine wanders through it, truly yesterday's girl because she is a Jew and therefore an uncomfortable reminder of the past—"Early memories don't count," a judge tells her at the movie's opening—and in picaresque style she ultimately finds her end where the film began, going to jail for pinching what doesn't altogether belong to her. She is played by Alexandra Kluge, sister of the director Alexander Kluge who guides her, disarmingly wide-eyed and smiling, from experience to experience—various jobs, an affair with a minister of culture ("Will the dogs get a grant?"), university courses ("The main thing is to read a lot")—until she is squeezed from this smug society like a last blob of toothpaste from a tube. Interspliced in rather Joycean fashion are shots of her subconscious memories, some only too relevant, like the good German bourgeois apartment, shown suddenly emptied of everything except its overstuffed furniture and sunny potted palms.

Portrait of Jason, "startling, candid"

Shirley Clarke's latest film is an extraordinary interview, two hours of startling, candid self-revelation of Jason Holliday (né Aaron Paine), Negro and, by his own admission, male prostitute. Yet the revelation here is less scatological than, as I suppose one might expect, sociological. Rambling on, witty, morose, cocky, clowning, self-pitying, proud, more than half drunk, Jason gives it to us as he sees it: A portrait of his father, "Brother Tough," who couldn't believe that life had saddled him with *this* particular son and therefore beat him every day. Jason's views on the white world where he is willing to come on as anything, houseboy, whore, preferably nightclub entertainer, to keep from punching that time clock nine to five. The silly, easily gulled white women who hire him. The prurient psychiatrists who take an interest in his sex life. San Francisco, a good town for certain types of activities, but not so hot for a girl who's looking for a husband. As Jason, being a man who's had so many experiences he's run out of what to be scared of, puts it, "Had I been a ranch, they would have called me the Bar None."

Warrendale, "the innocence of suffering"

Warrendale is another shattering transcription of life as it is. The scene is a Canadian home for disturbed children which, like the front of a dollhouse, has fallen open and allowed us to peer inside. One may wonder perhaps about certain methods used by the Warrendale therapists, such as "holding," a literal and often brutal containment of a child during a seizure which is supposed to reassure him that he can safely express anger. It doesn't matter. The main impact of this movie comes from the repeated *cris de coeur* of those unable to reach out and touch the world, cries which not only find an echo in our adult hearts, but remind us of the *innocence* of suffering. There are many scenes which if described might sound vaguely disgusting but if seen are ineffably tender, such as a teen-aged girl being fed a baby bottle by a young therapist who holds the girl in her arms in what is probably the only sweet, confident moment of that child's whole day.

David Smith
featured on the opposite page



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

Everything in the Garden,

"*Albee's innocence*"

When it first saw the light, *Everything in the Garden* was a play by a young Englishman, now dead, called Giles Cooper. It was then a raw and pointed black comedy dealing with the havoc wrought in a London suburb by a Polish madam. This shrewd lady had noticed that a golden opportunity had been created for her by the combination of two factors.

One was a prejudice on the part of English lower-middle-class men, who don't, in the main, like their wives to take jobs, because they think of that as working-class behaviour. The other was that the economic pseudo-miracle encompassed by the Tories in the late fifties wasn't working out too well for a whole section of that class—the young people in the junior grades of management and selling. They'd never made so much money before, and their sudden jump in earnings had taken them out into the new outer suburbs—where they found themselves saddled with mortgages, the costs of running cars and establishments, the strains of long-distance commuting, and with the need to work a great deal harder to stay in the middle-class game.

All this meant, the Polish lady saw, an unlimited supply of dissatisfied suburban wives in their early twenties, bored because they didn't have anything to do, sexually frustrated because their husbands were perpetually overworked and overtired, and desperately worried by lack of money. She went round paying a series of calls on the prettier, sillier, and sulkier-looking girls. They could, she told them, earn all the money they could wish for if they would come and work for her in the afternoons . . . and soon the money was pouring in.

Giles Cooper's sour little play was dedicated to the thesis that while affluence corrupts, pseudo-affluence corrupts absolutely, and it was largely about the husbands. He showed them to have been so demoralized by not having enough money in a society that made money the ultimate value that they would take it, however it came to them, provided that nobody knew where it came from.

The play's action was concerned with one wife's surrender to the Polish lady's blandishments, and her husband's movement from shock and outrage, to acceptance, and then to complicity in a murder needed to keep the source of the money secret from the neighbours who weren't in the ring. This was scathing stuff about the demoralization of a class.

In adapting the play for the American stage Edward Albee has trimmed it of all sociological import and has further complicated matters by depriving Cooper's characters of their youth and their urgent hungers. We are thus treated to the eerie spectacle of a procuress successfully beating up a suburb like Cos Cob in order to recruit a stable of housewives in their later thirties and early forties. Her activities are at first baffling—but presently we get the outlines of a familiar message—that all women are whores, and that, for all the fine talk, the male heterosexual is a pretty disgusting object too, because he puts up with them. One comes away impressed by Albee's innocence of the world of experience to which Cooper's play related, and his growing isolation inside the jail of his obsessions.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ALFRED KAZIN

Infidel in the Temple,

"*risks, penalties, wild joys*"

Matthew Josephson's *Infidel in the Temple* (Alfred A. Knopf) is a memoir of the 1930's that is much more cheerful about that crucial decade than the rueful accounts of old loyalties that have been published by ex-radicals. Mr. Josephson retains his disbelief in the efficiency and benevolence of the American profit system, is a politely implacable "infidel" in the great "temple" of American money-making. Many aspiring intellectuals from the poorer classes made a religion of Communism and then turned with equal fanaticism against their early faith.

Josephson, a banker's son, a famous expatriate during the 1920's, became a thoroughly poised, informed, and detached reporter of the American scene from the Crash to Pearl Harbor. He managed to be skeptical about the New Deal and finally uncommitted to any ideology, while giving his attention to everything from the municipal shelters of the period to the discomforts of Scott Fitzgerald and Nathanael West in Hollywood.

Unlike more urgently personal memoirs of the thirties, Josephson's do not convey the inexpungible passion of newfound political faith. Clearly, he was always a gentleman and still writes like one. But no other memoirs of the period bring us so close to the leaders and brain-trusters, the bankers and unemployed, the radical intellectuals and would-be Hitlers.

The reader finds himself relishing the notes on a famous Wall Street bear, "Sell 'Em Ben" Smith, the heartlessness and vapidity of certain leading bankers of the period, the intransigence of Jerome Frank and Charles A. Beard, the portraits of George S. Patton as a colonel, Whittaker Chambers as a Communist, Huey Long at the peak of his power, FDR when the shadow of death was already on his face.

The thirties were a time when, as a distinguished surgeon told Josephson, many of his "millionaire patients lived in a state of sheer terror." Henry Ford at the outset of the economic crisis dismissed eighty per cent of his two hundred and fifty thousand workers, but maintained a private army of a thousand thugs "to guard his grandchildren," as he said, against the unemployed. Down on the East River docks, a vast emergency shelter housed thousands of men every night. In mid-Manhattan the public squares and park areas were filled with crowds of homeless men carrying their belongings in paper bags. At the low point of the Depression, 1932, one out of three American families was in distress. On May Day, 1932, when sixty thousand people gathered in Union Square to protest unemployment, the police trained machine guns on them. By now many of these details seem incredible. But prosperity came in only with World War II, and though it has continued through a generation of war, there is still no great sense of security. At the moment many people—not just the young, to whom rebellion is a biological urge—are also "infidels in the temple." This makes the present moment so critical. The real significance of the book is the thrust of quiet criticism of a culture which clearly depends on money-making, which every day impresses more and more "infidels" with the risks, penalties, wild joys, abysmal fears of those who must live in the insecurity of our temple.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY DONALD BARR

Nursery School—Nursery? School?

Untroubled by a new idea since 1925, the leaders of American education are usually able to face the past with confidence, and every fad and gismo in the schools calls itself a revolution. But now there are signs that a real revolution has begun. It is taking place, of all places, in nursery schools. Anyone who is interested can find it written up—in an appealing gee-whiz manifesto style, as if Pollyanna had dictated it through a bugle—in Maya Pines's new book, *Revolution in Learning*. The title is justified.

At this moment we are hearing, so to speak, the rattle of iron-shod wheels on cobblestones. Soon the tumbrils will pass, carrying some principals, paunchy and whey-faced; some professors of education, mumbling their pieties; and some motherly women, still confusedly grasping paper cups and oatmeal cookies. After a while, unsuccessful personages from the new order may join the old in the carts—here and there a programmer; some once-sleek young grantsmen; even a psychology professor or two. "Who will be next?" we shall mutter. "Where will it end?"

It is not a Bastille that has fallen and not a haughty aristocracy that has been brought low. *Quite* the opposite. The educational revolutionaries are storming doll corners and sandpiles. It is a régime of cloying benevolence that they are attacking. Their doctrines vary, but on three ideas they generally agree: (1) The intelligence of a human is not fixed at birth but develops through the interaction of the brain and its surroundings. The quality of this interaction determines the I.Q. I.Q.'s change. (2) Psychology has neglected "cognition," the question of how we *know* and how we *learn to know*. When the psychologists seceded from college philosophy departments seventy-five years ago and declared themselves scientists, they threw aside the old epistemological questions and turned to emotions, habits, perceptions. When they dealt with "learning," they really dealt with the learning of habits. Now there is a return to the old notion that knowing is the central activity of the human mind. (3) Children have a powerful drive to *be competent*. A parent or teacher can not give a child security merely by cuddling him. Real emotional security comes from knowing and coping, the successful use of intelligence.

The theory has been available for years. It is the crisis in the Negro ghettos that has overthrown the traditional middle-class nursery schools. Special kindergartens were set up to counteract the influence of homes where the senses of the newborn infant opened out on stupefying disorder. But the techniques available could not make up the appalling cognitive deficits. A feverish effort to devise a new classroom praxis followed, some turning to the pretentious young science of linguistics, some to the brilliant but primitive work of Maria Montessori, some to computers and programming theory. The first results of any innovation are exciting—and ambiguous. Already the revolutionaries are divided. Most regard culture and competence as finished, programmable things, to which children are to be trained. A few put the child's own inquiry and selfhood first and fear the rigid and merciless patiences of the programmed machine. Classroom-to-classroom skirmishes may soon begin. Where will it end?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An educational innovator, Donald Barr is Headmaster of The Dalton School in New York.*

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

"Catnip overground"

There is a crisis in the New York underground. Its activities are too much in the open. Those private signs heralding the advent of some startling new development—those imperceptible disclosures indicating that an underground life is somewhere stirring, are diminishing if not disappearing.

Experimental theatre, for one, has surfaced to the point where it has ceased to be the province of the underground few. It is now the taken-for-granted cultural commodity of the mass-media many. What is more, huge foundations have taken notice and are opening their purse strings so that Off-Off-Broadway may flourish unhampered by financial stress. Among the several New York beneficiaries, Cafe La Mama, one of the best private experimental theatre clubs in the country, has been given an outright Ford Foundation grant of $25,000 so that it might help broaden the professional opportunities for young playwrights.

The New York Times has recently established a practice of sending its drama critics to cover the Off-Off-Broadway scene. Productions at La Mama, the Caffe Cino, The Judson Poets' Theater, and Theatre Genesis, among others, are reviewed regularly. Underground playwrights not only have their plays produced by dozens of experimental workshops, café-theatres, and clubs in New York and elsewhere, but distinguished firms are publishing their plays. These new plays—their youthful daring of language and subject matter, their strong satiric tone, and their stylistic vitality—have all but entered into the stream of accepted theatrical fare.

The underground cinema is following suit. Festivals of eight- and sixteen-millimetre experimental films are now in New York at Forty-second Street movie houses when once they ran (often in fear) in basements of darkest Lafayette Street. Andy Warhol's *The Chelsea Girls* started it all when it became the first underground film to have a commercial run in a New York uptown movie house. Now he has the Hudson Theatre on West Forty-fourth Street practically to himself as week after week his marathon excursions into sex and ennui offer mass peep shows to mass audiences.

But experimentation in all the arts seems to surface far too quickly. The underground, an arena of self and group discovery, is a battleground where the creative impulse is put to the test, where dissent, hardship, failure, even ridicule act as catalysts shaping its character. If the underground has nothing to work *against,* if success comes to those who have worked hard to make success irrelevant, then the character of this underground changes radically. Now, its belligerent stance has unwittingly and ironically become catnip overground to the press, to foundations, to the public, and to mass-media entrepreneurs, many of whom have found its products attractively perverse. Indeed, the underground is like an international subway on which everybody is riding.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Gruen understands the new Bohemian underground with topside authority. Viking will publish two of Mr. Gruen's books: this spring,* Close-Up, *a collection of interviews with people in the arts; next fall,* The Private World of Leonard Bernstein. *Mr. Gruen lives in New York's East Village.*

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Unfurling surprises—a party at the French Consulate in New York



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This triptych of a party at the French Consulate in New York mixed fashion, an anniversary, and a ball. The hosts, M. and Mme. Michel Legendre, celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary; the House of Nina Ricci brought fashion from Paris, and the guests celebrated. The party began at the top with champagne and the collection shown in the ivory-and-gold salons, moving on for dinner in the great hall hung with Aubusson tapestries. For the toast, by Senator Jacob K. Javits, the Legendres rose to the occasion on gilt bamboo chairs to a rousing chorus and cries of *bon anniversaire*. Later more well-wishers came for dancing . . . and the party snapped on—a brilliant tableau, dimensional and kinetic, struck with super glow.

1. The Consul General of France and Mme. Michel Legendre. 2. H.R.H. Princess Edward de Lobkowicz and M. Gérald van der Kemp. 3. The Marquesa de Portago and Mr. Francis L. Kellogg. 4. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III. 5. Mr. Churchill J. Brazelton and Mrs. Lawrence Copley Thaw. 6. Mrs. Paul Manno, Conte Demetrio Gherrini Maraldi, and Mrs. Louise Savitt. 7. Mr. Craig Mitchell and Mrs. Robin Butler. 8. Mr. Theodore Rousseau and Mrs. Arthur Gardner. 9. Mrs. Roswell L. Gilpatric and H.S.H. Prince Edward de Lobkowicz. 10. Countess John N. Palffy and Mr. Brian Bishop. 11. Guests watching the fashion.



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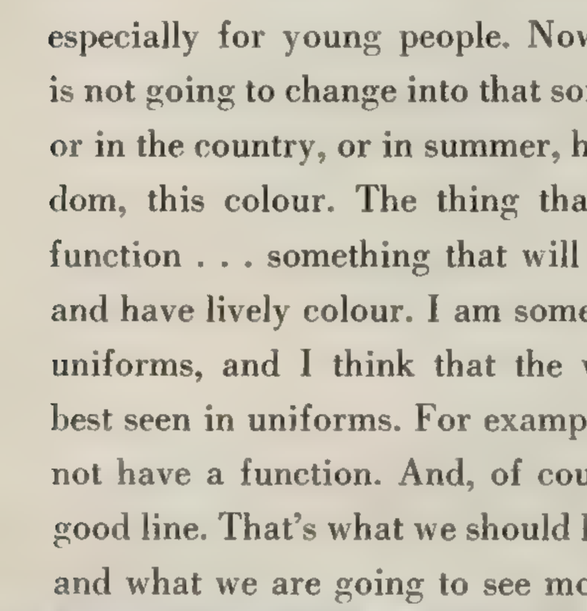


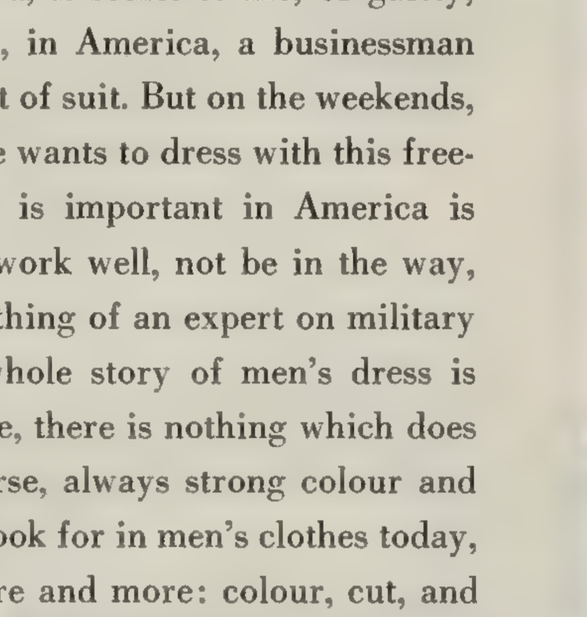
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Serge Obolensky always has the future in his eye, even though he can look back one thousand years to direct descent from the founder of the Russian Empire, the Knight Rurik. Colonel Obolensky is now considering adding to his other activities the selection of a men's clothing line to be sold in shops around the country. As to everything else, he looks at men's things with a fresh, eminently reasonable outlook. "Having just returned from studying men's clothes in Europe, I am most impressed with the Italians for their wonderful sense of colour and of line and, it seems to me, of gaiety, especially for young people. Now, in America, a businessman is not going to change into that sort of suit. But on the weekends, or in the country, or in summer, he wants to dress with this freedom, this colour. The thing that is important in America is function . . . something that will work well, not be in the way, and have lively colour. I am something of an expert on military uniforms, and I think that the whole story of men's dress is best seen in uniforms. For example, there is nothing which does not have a function. And, of course, always strong colour and good line. That's what we should look for in men's clothes today, and what we are going to see more and more: colour, cut, and function. I do have some little habits for evening clothes . . . things that it amuses me to wear. I like to wear a white silk *rubashka,* a Russian shirt, with my dinner suit. It is very comfortable, and I have them made here at Sulka. It closes on the side with detachable gold buttons . . . and is worn outside the trousers. Most correctly, there is a white silk cord with tassels which is tied around the waist. Just lately, I have tried wearing a white turtleneck, which gives the same effect, but I like this with a red velvet smoking jacket rather than with a black dinner suit."







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MARCH 15, 1969

VOGUE

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: FANTASTREE

There's almost nothing American fashion won't do for romance—just turn these pages and see: the most amusing and feminine looks. And the most heavenly fabrics. And the most delicious colourings. And—? And then, friends, you're on your own. In a shirt with a band that fits tight to the throat and up to the chin, how will you hold your head? How will you move in a skirt with dust ruffles? What will you do with your hands in sleeves like this?...As they do all through this issue, American fabrics make the fashion romantic to start—organdie, lace, a little embroidery at the wrist. But it takes imagination to wear it romantically—a special kind of gesture to make cuffs blow about this way; a sense of fantasy to add dozens and dozens of tiny Indian silver bells at your fingers. Penelope Tree has it: take her hand, here—it's where fantasTree begins: more on the following fourteen pages....Rings with jingling bells, by Sona The Golden One.

AVEDON

FANTASTREE

Penelope Tree is the girl of her dreams: what she is in her imagination she becomes in reality—Greek boy, maja, Indian chief—everything, anything—languorous, larky; all mystery and seductiveness one moment; in the next, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Like a diamond, she has facets—with wit to match the sparkle and power to project each nuance of personal fantasy. Here, soft-eyed, with a myth of dark hair, Penelope on the brink of adventure—a fashion fantasTree, beginning next page. Earrings—actually belled belt ornaments: Sona The Golden One. Coiffures, on these pages: Ara Gallant fantasies, with real and Dynel Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.


AVEDON

FANTASTREE

AVEDON



Like a little Mexican bride, Penelope stands, still as summer, while all around her acres of clean white cotton organdie hover like giant butterfly wings.... Not a ripple, *left*, simply a short white organdie dress with a high banded throat, billowy sleeves, and a demi-long organdie apron floating over it. Then a little fantasTree– tiny lace coif on her head; jewelled discs around her waist; organdie pantaloons ruffled over moccasined feet. Jax costume; William Lind cotton. Belt by Van Rouge. Coif-scarf by Mr. John. Bolled rings: Sona The Golden One. *Right*, ruffles at the throat, ruffles at the sleeves – a long, full-skirted dream of white organdie held by a wide jewel-embroidered silvery lace belt. Dress, with a grosgrain belt (not shown), by Joanna Nelson, of Strauss & Schwerzler cotton; about $90. Altman's, Studio 3; Rich's; J. W. Robinson. Emily Wetherby ruffled piqué stole, at Altman's. Embroidered belt and the chains of Spanish coins, beads: Sant' Angelo.



FANTASTREE

Jangle the bangles, dance for happy: Penelope has found a pearl of an oyster crêpe, left: a little yoke, a little smocking, and the little that's left blows merrily on from there. By Teal Traina, of Aviseo rayon and acetate (Bloomsburg fabric); about $125. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Sant' Angelo necklace wound around the arm. Ring: Sona The Golden One. Quiet flow the ruffles, right, on a citron-green shirt of heaviest silk crêpe, worn with white crêpe straight-legged pants—and a clang of beads and chains. By Jorg McCormick, of Owensburg, Pa. At Sara Fredericks; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Sant' Angelo earrings and silvery necklace; Apex Art gilt chain necklace; Henri Bendel.



AVEDON

Where angels put their heads, opposite—an aureole of foam-white ringlets, drawing Penelope into a moment of lovely pre-Raphaelite languor. The necklace of jewels and silvery discs—really a Van Rouge belt, at Henri Bendel. Where white crêpe flies, right, and wrapped feet tread, something's in the wind—like a marvellous new poncho-shirt to throw over tights or long bare legs. Shirt-collared, shirt-cuffed—then poncho all the way. By Dorcia Originals in crêpe of Avisco acetate and rayon (Bloomsburg fabric); about $30. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Titche-Goettinger. For buttons and cuff-links: Sant' Angelo's miniature rhino horns, made of bone. Both coiffure-fantasies: Ara Gallant.

THE FANTASTREE





Penelope—a lithe young Ganymede, in fluid little Greek-boy dresses of pale, lambent grey jersey.... Wide V at the neck, *right*, then all cover and flow—long blouson sleeves; skirt tied under the bosom, wrapped up on one side and falling loosely in uneven lengths. Stan Herman for Mr. Mort in double matte jersey of Enka rayon (Bloomsburg fabric); about $55. Earrings by K.J.L. Both: Henri Bendel. Dress: Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. *Left,* soft shining folds of grey jersey spilling from a close turtleneck and held by a chain at the waist, with shirring at the hip and tight cuffs to catch the overflow of sleeve. By Jeannene Booher for Claret, of Arnel and Celanese nylon (Winkler fabric); about $70. Napier belt. Both: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Rich's; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings here, and bracelets, both pages: Sona The Golden One.

FANTASTREE



FANTASTREE





High stands the band of collar, left; flap go the saddlebag pockets, and bang goes the mini-coat—off to spring in a flash of white wool gabardine closed up tight with seed-bead buttons. By Luba for Elite in junior sizes, of Stevens Forstmann wool loomed in America. About $80. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings and seed-bead buttons, by Sant' Angelo. Bergdorf Goodman. **Indian-head Penny:** right, and a little Greek on the other side of the coin: Penelope in fringed chamois bracelets, wrapped legs, and a tiny Ganymede dress of ginger wool crêpe—simply piped and tied and held with a copper buckler—no more dress than it takes to dance up a storm. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, of Anglo fabric loomed in America; about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Sant' Angelo bracelets. Buckler by Fred Norden.

AVEDON



FANTASTREE

Fountains of hair caged, right, in a giant snood of white yarn with big woolly pompons quivering down the back: Penelope as Goya might have seen her and how, for the moment, she sees herself—calm and seductive—with a fantasy of chained and feathered medallions dangling at her ears. Emily Wetherby snood-wrapped stole; about $50. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres.

Dream a little, left—take a delicious short shirtdress, all billowy black organza well belted and flaked with white embroidery. Then take it from there—put your head in a cloud of white ringlets, why not? And the rest of you in pantaloons and Indian mocs. Jobère dress; Schiffli-embroidered silk, by Whelfab. About $215. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Bramson; I. Magnin.

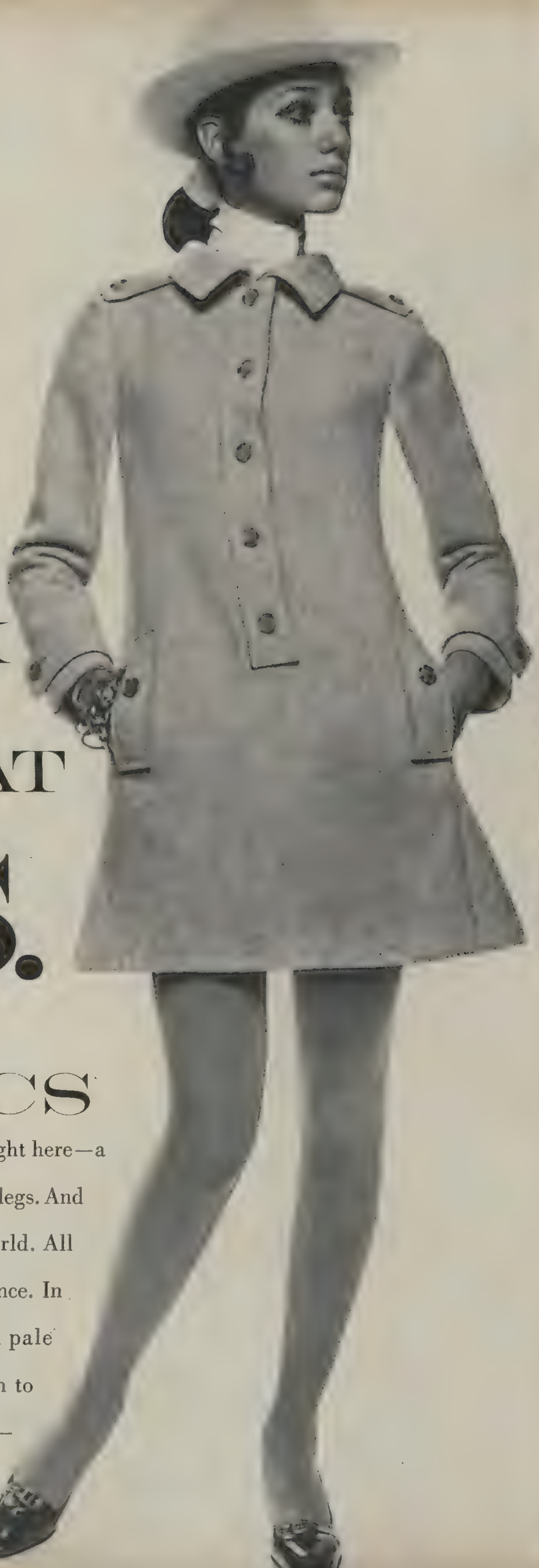
Both pages: Bruce Rudow jewellery.

AVEDON



LOOK GREAT IN U.S. FABRICS

Get out of winter! Spring is here—right here—a dash of white at the throat; dark shiny legs. And the prettiest new fashions in the world. All snap and gaiety and ripples of romance. In the cleanest new colourings, from pale Edwardian buff to vivid grass green to fantasy plaids and prints. All made—to perfection—in American fabrics.



The mini-shirt-coatdress, left—heathery buff wool tab-closed, tab-pocketed, with buttoned epaulets on the narrow shoulders, buttoned straps on the sleeves—low-placed pleats kicking up at the back. Geoffrey Beene. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Emily Wetherby stock. Adolfo hat. Bracelets: Monet; House of Joy. Glen Raven tights. I. Miller brown patent leather shoes. Coiffure: Martin Downey of the House of Revlon. The mini-coatdress, right—like an Edwardian gentleman's frock coat in twilled fawn worsted with a white lace jabot ruffling over the collar; lace under the narrow sleeves. Sony Schotland for Adolphe Zelinka; of Rochambeau worsted, loomed in America. About $110. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Glen Raven tights. Ara Gallant coiffure. Fashion Tress hairpieces.

BERT STERN





Tender trappings in romantic new lengths —silk taffetas printed with scrolls and flowers in delicious damask colours, edged with ruffles, tied with high sashes and enormous bows. All part of this sentiment—the wide-brimmed flower-girl hats. Ruffled on down, left, a raspberry and yellow print, side-wrapped. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Bramson; I. Magnin. Round-the-Clock stockings. Shoes: I. Miller. A smooth high neckband, right, high bowed sash, a gathered skirt with a dust-ruffle—all of yellow printed in pale blue and mauve. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Hudson stockings. Shoes by Margaret Jerrold. Both dresses by Chester Weinberg, in prints by Hannett Morrow Fischer. Leghorn hats, blooming, streamered down the back, by Adolfo; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures by Martin Downey of the House of Revlon.

LOOK GREAT IN U.S. FABRICS

Rustling up romance—

flower-girl taffetas

with sashes, ruffles,

a fling of length

BERT STERN







Fantasy Tattersall, right—geranium red, grass green, and taupe against an ivory ground on a small easy-skirted coat, buttoned and belted in white leather. Originala; Brendan wool plaid loomed in America. Sandor Goldberger earrings. Both: Lord & Taylor. Coat: Julius Garfinckel; Gidding-Jenny; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Emily Wetherby stock. Napier ring. Hanes tights. Charles Jourdan shoes (pompons added). Coiffure: Martin Downey of the House of Revlon. Greyblock ribbon.

The cape that starts small, swings wide, left—bright yellow with navy overplaid, held by gilt chain at the collar. This, with its own yellow dress (not shown); Handmacher by Mario Forte of French River Mills worsted loomed in America. About $145. Trifari earrings. Both: Altman's. Turnout: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; Harzfeld's. Rings: Bruce Rudow, Marvella. Hudson stockings. Cellini shoes: Bonwit Teller. Coiffure: Ara Gallant. Fashion Tress hairpieces.

LOOK GREAT IN U.S. FABRICS

Fantasy plaids—

the chained cape . . .

the belted coat

BERT STERN



Geranium red wool, right, like a Russian shirt simply extended into a small belted coat, buckled and buttoned in brass...banded throat stocked with white silk and fastened to one side; banded cuffs linked with brass buttons. by Bardley of Stevens Andover wool loomed in America. About $90. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Monet earrings; Emily Wetherby stock. Both at Bonwit Teller. White felt bowler by Adolfo. Tights by Hanes. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

The prettiest navy turnout, left—bright with white—demure as a schoolgirl's. Smidge of a jacket with crisp white piqué showing at the banded side-closed neckline, white piqué cuffs, and gilt buttons fastening it over an A-shaped sleeveless dress. By Mollie Parnis. Of wool jersey. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny. Navy felt roller: Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Hansen gloves. Striped red and navy tights by Bewitching. Carel shoes at Lord & Taylor. Coiffure: Martin Downey of the House of Revlon.

LOOK GREAT IN U.S. FABRICS

American colouring

—the belted red

coat and the little

navy jacket-dress,

flashed with white,

polished in gleam

PENATI



BERT STERN



LOOK GREAT IN U.S. FABRICS

White-throated

romantics—

a grass-green

mini-coat,

the new

navy-blue suits



No grass is greener than the side-slit mini-coat, opposite, great with fresh new whitenings—the stock at the neck, white leather buttons and belt. A wool mark coat by Originala, of double-faced melton (Anglo fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Monet earrings. Emily Wetherby stock. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Ribbon in the hair by Greyblock. No navies fresher than the suits, this page—small-bodied jackets with gleamy buttons, flapped pockets; white shirts; lively little skirts. *Left,* silvery-buttoned navy worsted with a stock-tied white silk shirt. A wool mark suit by Jack Sarnoff, designed by Molly. Of Meyer Woolens fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Emily Wetherby stock at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bruce Rudow rings. *Right,* navy gabardine, brass-edged buttons, a white organdie shirt with ruffles, navy tie. By Seymour Fox, of Anglo wool. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. This page: Adolfo hats at Saks Fifth Avenue. Both pages: Hudson stockings; Charles Jourdan shoes. Coiffures: Martin Downey of the House of Revlon.

BERT STERN



VOGUE PATTERNS

The cropped jersey jump, left, caught with a wide white patent belt, chopped high on the thigh under big saddlebag pockets—in greige worsted jersey with shirt-cuffed sleeves, a clean-white stock tied at the throat. Vogue Pattern 7192 (without pockets). Of Jasco jersey knitted in America. Fabric at Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Belt by Calderon, at Altman's.

The culotte-suit, right, a luv in dove-beige gabardine—the narrow-sleeved jacket stops at the waist over a mini-culotte in perfect proportion to knee-high white Ganymede sandals. Vogue Pattern 7176, of Anglo double-woven wool gabardine loomed in America. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson.

Both pages: Degas sandals, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures: Hugh Harrison. Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 119.

LOOK GREAT IN U.S. FABRICS

Short belted jersey jump...

gabardine culotte-suit...

stock-tied throats

and knee-high sandals



VOGUE PATTERN 7176

BERT STERN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The rising insulation against numbers, making, for instance, Yale University's drive for $388,000,000 sound something like a bargain. . . . The teen-age about-face against boss drugs, possibly because teen-agers, too, can read. . . . The curricular ruses of educators adding provocative new courses and infrequently taught languages to jog up students; their theory, expressed by the late Alfred North Whitehead, the great mathematician-philosopher: "A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, five young men who wear fogy moustaches and proper white-tie to play a horde of instruments as decorously as a chamber quintet and to produce a vast, fast, rocking noise. . . . The film *Bedazzled,* with the high-speed, low-key British comedians Peter Cook and Dudley Moore trapped, with their intimate lunacy, like two mice in the mill of creaking, cumbersome machinery of the Faust plot. . . . Inevitably, the electric sitar. . . . *A Special Kind of Magic,* a silly book by Roy Newquist, who comes to his senses in a taped interview with Katharine Hepburn, during which she said, "I have seen too many people who find life an agony, who spend a lot of time analyzing their personalities. . . . They don't take the time to shake out their body and hang it on the line, get a little air and sunlight into it."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The big-time packaged protest song "Who Will Answer," sung by Ed Ames with a hallelujah chorus, a record possibly to be squeezed between "The Bluebird of Happiness," and "The Lost Chord." . . . In the charged-up Pearl Bailey version of the musical *Hello, Dolly!,* a very pretty girl, Emily Yancy. . . . Joseph Heller's first play, *We Bombed in New Haven,* produced in New Haven by the Yale School of Drama Repertory Theatre, a play shoddy with its reliance on Heller's old triumphant novel *Catch-22* and on run-down shock techniques, but directed, by Larry Arrick, and acted with appealing ease; when the Major tells his men that they must bomb Constantinople off the map, one of them, meaning well, said, "Why don't we just bomb the map?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The savvy disc jockey shows on FM radio when controversial or banned records get played late, presumably after the children are in bed. . . . In Paris, the recent exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale of photographs and paraphernalia about Pierre and Marie Curie, including the laboratory in which they discovered radium reproduced in its miserable destitution, and with the underlining emphasis of their words, among them these from Marie Curie: "I am among those who think that science has great beauty. A scientist in his laboratory is not only a technician but also a child placed in front of natural phenomena which impress him like a fairy tale."

SIR ALEC GUINNESS AND SIMON WARD, who have ruffled London with their delicate, bold performances, carefully stripped of camp, with Simon Ward as a young latent homosexual and Sir Alec as a tough old heterosexual hiding from the law in drag. When the play containing them, *Wise Child,* by Simon Gray, opened, it shook British reviewers, possibly not because of its daring—the British theatre has fattened on worse—but because trusted, honoured Sir Alec appears in a hideous aquamarine skirt and jacket, grey granny curls, and black suède sensible shoes. And he isn't being funny, only blackly comic. No shades of *Charley's Aunt,* or of Sir Alec's nutty old-lady rôle in the movie *Kind Hearts and Coronets.* Just a man trapped into playing the mother of a boy whose kinks drive him to treat the "mum"-image as real "Mum." Both Simon Ward, as the sick, sickening adolescent, and Sir Alec Guinness play for tight control. Pale, blond, slight, and twenty-five years old, Simon Ward slinks skillfully around the pitfalls of acting a pervert by, he said, "playing on a criminal rather than a sexual level." Sir Alec soaks subtleties: A man pretending to be another man who is pretending to be a woman who unwillingly, Sir Alec said, "becomes the boy's ideal of what a woman in his mother's clothes should act like." Bleak, uncomfortable, layered like a bed of winter leaves, *Wise Child* still glistens with Sir Alec's humour: "One is hoping to send up all of those middle-aged, cliché-ridden, intolerant women with their tiny fingers crooked, trying to be so refeened to overlay their basic vulgarity." At that layer there is delight.

LORD SNOWDON

ABSOLUTE FONTEYN

By Marguerite Duras

It's a big flat on the sixth floor of an apartment house near the Seine. A maid is closing the shutters. Audible in the distance, the vast twilight hubbub of Paris. She has just telephoned that she will be here soon. She is making her way through the snarled traffic, alone in this immense city that awaits her, with which she has a rendezvous.

Here she is. Black and white. Black hair pulled back, black fur coat, black dress above the knee, black shoes. Hers is a very sure elegance, yet discreet, almost austere. She is of medium height. She apologizes for being late. Her French is good. The moment she appears, the moment she speaks, her simplicity is evident: It is the great simplicity of a Presence.

I look at her. I am in no hurry to ask her questions. We exchange a few inconsequential remarks. Without haste. I am thinking about her—to her face, as it were. She knows it. She allows herself to be thought about. The minutes pass. I notice by and by that she in turn is observing me. We do not know each other, we say, and we are glad to meet. And there, we've just smiled at each other—easily, feeling in no way obliged to. At the same moment, each simply feels the need to smile at the other. What has been declared between us is that unforeseeable, marvellous connection—empathy.

"What does dance demand primarily?"

"Sleep. Above all else, that one sleep well."

The state she most detests, she says, is fatigue—to feel she's "useless." But she has the gift of being able to sleep whenever she wishes. One hour of sleep and the miracle is reborn.

I reassure her, we'll speak very little about dance. She laughs. She's glad of that. She says she hates to talk about dance.

"One dances, one doesn't talk dance. To talk about dance has nothing to do with dancing. Don't you find that's so?"

She stands up. She is going to ring for tea. She crosses the room. She moves smoothly, quietly. She is very slender (beneath that skin only muscle) and even slight, youthful in a way that makes age suddenly seem an absurd, old-fashioned prejudice, an old fogy's notion that our grandfathers believed in but that has passed from circulation. She herself speaks easily about age. Indeed, forthwith liquidates it.

"I'm not nostalgic for the past, you know, not even for my own past. Never, not for one second have I wished to relive the days when I was younger. I've forgotten my past. It doesn't interest me. Things that don't interest you, you forget."

She hesitates, then goes on:

"I never regret the past, never. Even when I dream of when my husband was completely well, I don't regret it."

"What would you call this strength that—that fuels you? Optimism? A considered, corrected pessimism?"

"I don't know. I've never thought about what to call it. Must it have a name?"

"No. Not at all."

She searches for the word nonetheless. It interests her to, as she puts it, "look at myself from outside."

"It's a faith I have. I don't know what the nature of this faith is. It does move *with* life. I believe that everything that happens is for the best."

"Even the worst?"

"Yes. What one must do, you see—at least, this is what I believe—is to find how to turn the worst into the best. I believe that the bad lies in the appearance of things, but that things, all things, conceal good within them. The question is to find it. This isn't optimism. Or rather, it isn't a natural inclination to think—like Dr. Pangloss in *Candide*—that 'all is for the best in the best of possible worlds.' No, it's the predisposition, which is quite rare, to Live in the Present. I'm very glad to be alive, to have been born, in this period. You open your newspaper and read how yesterday man made contact with the moon."

The same impetus that bears her along *with* her times causes her to acquiesce in all the ways of being—even the passional—that express love of life. She is for the young people of today. She talks about them a great deal and wishes that those who have opted for the "cop out" could be alerted to the manifold richnesses of life, that people would be good to them, would try to understand them. One must travel, she says, and spend one's money. The only thing to do when one has money is to spend it. To discover which comforts or advantages one relishes, and proceed to have them. And to travel. (Continued on page 69)

DAME MARGOT FONTEYN DE ARIAS, right,
unquestionably one of the world's greatest dancers,
has a fortitude, a pursuit of perfection, a non-theatrical
elegance that range with her talent. Her voice,
carriage, and mind have the beauty of consummate precision.
Her laughter enchants. She thinks of herself as
Margot Arias, wife of the Panamanian diplomat Roberto Arias.
Everyone else thinks of her as Dame Margot Fonteyn,
who, with the English ballet company now named the Royal Ballet,
set new standards for her art. If the pre-Revolutionary
Russian title given to only two dancers in two hundred years,
prima ballerina assoluta, *still existed, it might most*
reasonably be hers. Made a Commander of the British Empire
in 1951, she became, in 1956, a Dame Commander
of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire—
one of the youngest women ever to receive this honour.

CECIL BEATON







Fonteyn

(Continued from page 66) "People must not fence themselves in in any one milieu, even mentally. Our education, our station, and class snobbism tend to fence us in, and they cut us off from life. I am against belonging to one milieu. My ideal is to inhabit all places, all milieux—inhabit the whole world."

She does inhabit the whole world. Born in England. Raised in the United States and China as well as in England. Married to a Panamanian. She has danced happily in capital cities everywhere—dance being the international language par excellence. Yet the reserved bearing, the measured speech allow for no mistake: This is an Englishwoman. Yes, the way when questioned she speaks about herself—with detachment, without elaboration—and that faint distaste for the too "specific" detail derive from an absolutely unmistakable datum: an English training.

The moment she embarks on a subject, she talks about it seriously. She says nothing that is counterfeit. This is not a society woman. That is most reassuring. She never gestures, but her thin, triangular face speaks as a whole, smiles as a whole. The smile does not pause at the threshold. It enters—it inundates her face. I search that face intently.

"Who are you?"

"I am the wife of Roberto Arias."

"A dancer?"

"Yes. But before, this dancer did not know who she was. Now she knows: She is the wife of Roberto Arias. The miracle for me is that this man exists."

As everyone knows, this man, whom she met late in her life—she was thirty-five—and whom she married in 1955, was wounded by a gunshot in Panama in 1964 as a result of which he was unable to move or even to speak for months. She speaks of it calmly, as of something that she has thought through completely. I don't dare ask after Roberto Arias. She senses as much. She smiles, smiles, then laughs.

"He's better. He's taken up his duties again as Deputy to the National Assembly of Panama. He is able to hold a cigar—if it's a very good Havana cigar. And a glass, too, if it's a glass of champagne. His speech is better."

I can not keep from looking at her legs of steel. The calf is a bit muscular, as with all dancers, but well shaped. In contrast with the rest, the black shoes she is wearing are comfortably broken in, almost worn. Her legs make one think of a powerful idling engine, which is always a beautiful thing. The genius that those legs encase saved her from what she refuses to call a "tragedy."

After the wound, Roberto Arias suffered from a frightful cerebral fever, but even during those days she was obliged to work. "I was lucky," she said. "It must be harder for other people, much harder. I *had* to forget about it for one hour and a half every day, you understand. Because dancing is not something one can do without thinking about it. The concentration and the iron discipline that dancing demands help one enormously to bear the bad things. Afterward, I would come back to him all the stronger."

Extraordinary thing: It never enters the mind of a dancer that she could once—ever—not do her exercises, no matter how black the day.

With their combined strengths, the Roberto Ariases have closed the door to tragedy.

"If you don't want tragedy, you don't have tragedy. It enters the house only if you open the door to it."

Last summer, they were by the sea. With the help of Roberto Arias's son, she made her husband swim—stretched out on an inflated rubber raft. And when they were afraid to leave him alone, he said, "Don't worry. Paralyzed people always float. That's one of the advantages of the situation."

The miracle is that he is alive, that with such proud disdain he holds "that accident" at arm's length.

Before him, she said, she didn't know it was possible to "be one with" a man, that a woman could lose her freedom happily.

"In this case, what does freedom mean? I don't even (Continued on page 121)

CECIL BEATON

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SNOW ...AT ST. MORITZ

MRS. GEORGE LIVANOS, *above left*—an enchanting seventeen-year-old Greek beauty—was married at sixteen to Mr. Livanos, a young shipping executive. Last winter, they spent three months at St. Moritz—where Mrs. Livanos skied for the first time.

MME. SAFIA TARZI of Afghanistan, *above*, likes riding in the snow even better than skiing—she's shown here at the St. Moritz riding school, wearing one black turtleneck, one beige sweater under her black jacket.

PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG, *left*, takes to the snow with her sons—Christoff (left), and Hubertus—in a red-and-yellow zigzag-striped ski parka by Michèle Rosier. Princess Ira has just finished her fifth movie, called *Less Than Nothing*.

MME. HERBERT VON KARAJAN, *right*, wife of the dynamic Austrian conductor, with their daughters, Isabelle (left), and Arabelle. A blond, French beauty, a superb skier, Mme. von Karajan wears Galitzine's green gabardine ski suit.

HENRY CLARKE



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SNOW



MISS MARGARET SCHMID, *left*—a tall, vivid young charmer from Salzburg—on the Cresta run at St. Moritz, in a black wool turtleneck, black pants, her blond hair blowing loosely.

CONTESSA ALBERICA ATTOLICO, *above right,* blond, attractive, commutes regularly to St. Moritz from Milan; she skis expertly, likes to start early in the morning, then stop for a relaxed lunch at the Corviglia Club. Sleigh-riding here, she wears Roland's brown-and-black checked pants suit, sealskin furs.

MRS. ERNEST KANZLER, *centre right,* is the unchallenged No. 1 hostess of St. Moritz—where she spends all winter at her famous chalet, La Quinta, with its twin bowling-alleys where her dinner guests compete ferociously. Mrs. Kanzler skis for three hours a day, every day. . . . Here, beside her leopardy-lined Land-Rover, she wears Valentino's leopard-printed wool pants suit; shaggy fur mittens.

SRA. ANTENOR PATINO, *below right,* the pretty Spanish-born wife of the mining industrialist, spends a month in St. Moritz in the winter; the Patinos live in Paris, and at a magnificent villa in Estoril. Sra. Patino is wearing Simonetta's yellow wool poncho over a navy-blue turtleneck, with a fisher coat thrown over all.

BARONESS FIONA THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA, *far right,* with her son, Lorne. A dashing skier, a Scottish beauty with marvellous red hair, Baroness Thyssen spends most of the year at St. Moritz at her chalet, Alcyon, and runs—in the Palace Hotel—a smashingly successful boutique called Biking's. Here, she's wearing Galitzine's white quilted ski suit, a black turtleneck.

HENRY CLARKE





HENRY CLARKE

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SNOW



A California-born beauty who is a pivotal figure in the spin of St. Moritz life, **MME. ANDREA BADRUTT,** *far left, top,* is the wife of the owner of the Palace Hotel, where "everything happens." Here—with two-year-old Johannes—Mme. Badrutt wears Kaltenbrunner's brown gabardine ski suit, a furry hat. **MRS. PETER NOMIKOS,** *far left, centre,* has gentian-blue eyes, a charming smile, sun-streaked hair—set off here by her beige turnout: belted, cabled pullover, camel's-hair jacket, gabardine pants, boots. The Nomikoses live in London, summer on the Greek island of Santorini. **CONTESSA GIOCONDA CICOGNA-MOZZONI,** *left*—Mexican, pretty, with enormous energy and verve—skis all day; at night, frugs at King's Discothèque with her husband, a young Milanese industrialist. Snowballing here with her boys, Gianluca (left), and Gianfranco, she wears a mustard and navy-blue parka, mustard pants, by Lellasport. **VICOMTESSE DE RIBES,** *above*—one of the great skiers, great beauties of Europe—at the Corvatsch run with her daughter Elisabeth, wearing a belted, hand-knitted Norwegian sweater and knee socks in turquoise, white; navy-blue knickers by Louis Edster of St. Anton. Pretty, seventeen-year-old Elisabeth wears a striped parka, beige gabardine pants. **CHRISTINA ONASSIS,** *left*—the youngest daughter of the Marchioness of Blandford and Mr. Aristotle Onassis. She lives in England, spends summers on her father's island, Skorpios, in the Ionian Sea; adores skiing, skin-diving, dancing.



SCULPTURE FOR THE WEARING

Riverbed stones and rubies, plastic and pearls, Lucite and diamonds, wood, aluminum, yarn...all are used by an untrammelled young Israeli sculptor, Giora Novak, to make jewellery. A blue-eyed, attractive man with curly chestnut hair and beard, Mr. Novak views all his materials with the same keen interest, works them with the same skill and respect—whether the finished piece is to be a giant sculpture of galvanized-steel tubing, or a bracelet of coiled green lacquered wood set with a *mabé* pearl. Some of his newest pieces are shown here, worn by his American wife, Judy, a sloe-eyed beauty with dark cropped hair (which her husband cuts)....
Left, and *below,* polished mirror aluminum capsules strung on magenta yarn cords; *above,* Lucite cylinders strung on bright-blue yarn. All are made on the same principles, defined by Mr. Novak as "extreme simplicity and repeatable, identical parts." Any piece can be worn anywhere—around the neck, wrist, knee, ankle, waist—simply by adding or subtracting capsules or cylinders, and using shorter or longer pieces of yarn (colours are up to the wearer). Each individual part is surprisingly light, and beautifully, precisely made—so restringing them is a quick and simple matter; everything works with everything else. Nothing is glued, nothing seamed. "The handling is all," said Giora Novak.

BERT STERN



YOU CALLED?

You called? Or wrote? Or wired? And continue to do so, in the hope of getting us to name the dermatologist interviewed in Vogue's August 15 feature, "Can Great Skin Be Created?" We wish we could tell his name. But, acting within the professional code established for members of the New York County Medical Society, the dermatologist firmly requested that his name be withheld. The issue's an ethical one—for a physician in private practice, name-naming could be construed as self-advertisement. Any exceptions to the rule? Yes. The formula is roughly this: Quite fit to print, with full attribution, are quotes from physicians not engaged in private practice (presumably pure-research men); or anything from published treatises, papers read at medical gatherings, or texts written by physicians in *or* out of private practice. But for special interviews such as ours: no go. . . .

YOU RANG? SAID YOU WERE THINKING OF HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT SHORT—AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS DECADE, PERMANENT-WAVED? WE SAID AND SAY: YES TO ALL THAT. PROVIDING YOUR HAIRDRESSER CONSIDERS YOUR HAIR HEALTH IS UP TO IT.

You questioned re lipstick: will dark red come true—as a grapevine suggests? Darkening, surely. But never the old heavy red.

You've been tempted to try some new beauty doers, you say, but haven't known quite what to ask for, or where to find them? Among such, at this red-hot moment, are three—described by deed but not by label in Vogue's 1968 predictions. Namely: The new underbrow eye shadow that puts a hairsbreadth of gleam under the brow. It's by Evelyn Marshall; comes with its own exacting little brush; is ready at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . The new makeup designed to mute the eyebrows and thrust the eyes into new stardom, new power: Revlon's translucent Brow Lightener. For details, read the column at far left. . . . The new sight in sunglasses, the rimless pale-amber total-transparencies were designed by Riviera. At Bonwit Teller. . . .

What do you call an un-made-up eye makeup?

If you're Revlon, you call it Demi Makeup. Determined to deliver the look of less makeup without the loss of makeup's kindly ways, Revlon went to quite a lot of trouble to study the "structure of naturalness," and to formulate this in cosmetics for the entire face. Eyes are the latest to get the demi treatment. A fresh palette of thinner eye shadows and lid-lighteners. A silkier new translucent lengthening mascara. A batch of remarkably delicate liquid eyeliners. But that's not all. To put the eyes into power without going heavy on the eye makeup, Revlon lightens the eyebrows with a fascinating new piece of makeup: a translucent Brow Lightener. No bleach, it is simply a makeup product; you put it on with a moist brush. All: Moon Drops Demi Makeup. The red-stocked shirt is by Sarff-Zumpano.

YOU PLAN TO INVESTIGATE THE PAPER-BAG DIET THAT ISSUES A WEEK'S-WORTH OF GROCERIES AT A TIME? NAME OF DIETICIAN WHO INNOVATED IT: SHIRLEY BRIGHT BOODY, BEVERLY HILLS. . . .

You wondered about oxygen-inhalation as a beauty-reviver for the fatigued? Usual in France, it's a rare beauty salon-service here. Its value? Controversial. Results may be all in the head, but what's oxygen doing there, tanked up alongside football benches? . . .

You said: if clean hair is everything, names of workable "dry" shampoos needed? All right. Mini-Mist spray has fans. Caswell-Massey pharmacy has a French hair-freshener, Kisby. . . .

YOU'VE DECIDED TO BE AMONG THE PEOPLE WHO'LL MONITOR THEIR SUNTANNING MORE CLOSELY IN FUTURE, AND THEREFORE WANT TO KNOW THE NAMES OF RELIABLE SUNBLOCK PRODUCTS? THERE ARE MANY. YOUR DOCTOR HAS SOME IDEAS ON THIS. SO HAS YOUR PHARMACIST. SO HAS ANYONE TO WHOM YOU TURN FOR SKIN ADVICE. MEANWHILE, NEWEST SUNBLOCK ON THE BLOCK IS BY IRMA SHORELL. GREAT ENTHUSIASM OVER IT.

PENN



PENATI

You have eyes for emeralds?

The lovely greenery
at left is
a small collection of
rough stones—
collected, in fact, in
a fascinating new way.
Not out to outsmart
nature, but rather
to take lessons
from same, scientists
achieved these.
Called Lindé Created
Emeralds, they're
a Union Carbide find.
Don't think for a minute
they're toys; genuine
valuables, they're
issued in finished
jewels called "The
Quintessa Collection."
Eye-work executed here
by Giorgio Sant' Angelo.

You're a health-nut about hair?

You know what it takes:
to be good-looking,
hair has to be healthy,
shiny, strong.
Even has to be able
to lift weights (well,
healthy hair *does* have
the power to loft).
For the hair-health nut,
the latest thrill
is the news that now
there's a shampoo
de Pantene. As
hair-washer to heads
that have enjoyed
other Pantene hair-
benefits (you know
Pantene's conditioners;
know the Pantene way to
spray), this good news
is being welcomed in
cosmetics departments
around the country.
Coiffing: Ara Gallant.

DE ROSNAY

BEAUTY *bulletin*

You raised the question of sunspots that appear on the backs of hands—wondered whether these fixtures could be un-fixed at the dermatologist's? They can be. Several processes do the removing; the doctor determines which is right for you—"Our intent is to *destroy* the spots." Destruction is done either via an electric needle (electrodesiccation), or by freezing (dry ice, CO_2). Small crusts form, and in a matter of a week or so, these slough off, leave hands much more spotless. . . .

You're dilemma-ed about hair-colouring? "Never just one colour, whatever colour you're having. Three or four shades on the same head. . . . Lighter at front, darker at back," is Alexandre's rule.

You asked whether—what with all the soot-pollution around—anyone can hope to get really clean? Must be something in the air, because quite a few people have come along with "gritty cleansers." Creamy washes with fine nuggets of roughage for certain faces, elbows, backs, knees, feet have a following. Such a scrub has Edith Rehnborg. So has Eve of Rome. And now, so has the turtle's best friend: Polly Bergen.



HAIR myths

BY JEAN PIERSON

Day-after-day shampooing is fraught with peril? False.
Cutting hair stimulates growth? Would it were so easy.
A hundred strokes a day are helpful? Not on your hair life.
Teasing is terrible? In that well-known "moderation," it's fine.
You shed hair during pregnancy? On the contrary.
You can "catch" dandruff? Not from anybody else.
Massage grows hair? Would be nice if it were true.

Questions here are a few of the common ones. Answers are the possible surprises dermatologists offer today, along with these meaningful thoughts for a needy head. Now, properly diagnosed and treated, *thin hair can be plumped up. Oily hair can be de-oiled. Flaky scalp can be de-flaked.* And, *on a bald spot that once would have been given up for lost, one's own hair can grow again—permanently.* "Modern scientific techniques of study are at long last replacing the age-old misconceptions and folklore remedies which for long have clouded our knowledge of hair growth and hair loss. As new facts are uncovered, the day of medical control of all aspects of hair growth comes closer." So wrote Dr. Norman Orentreich, the clinical research dermatologist, in the *Journal of the American Medical Women's Association.* Here, from dermatologists uncovering new facts, are interesting answers to questions that start with elementary hair care, go on to advanced problems.

How often should one shampoo? As often as one can comfortably, without complicating one's hair-style program. Even every day, but certainly no less than once a week. From a dermatological point of view, once we get beyond a week in the kind of environment in which we live, we are no longer giving ideal scalp care. Unlike animal coats, human hair has minimal protective functions and maximal cosmetic functions. Our ancestors had to get along with less frequent shampoos because they had the problem of making soap and hot water and finding the time and the privacy. The modern bathroom is one reason that today's hair has so much more fluff, spring, light, and beauty. ***Soap and water can't wash hair out?*** No. We wash arms, legs, faces every day. If we could wash hair out, we could abolish shaving. ***How does one choose a shampoo?*** In the long run, by experimenting. Manufacturers help by specifying oily hair, dry hair, normal hair, dyed hair, all hair, et cetera. Try the one that seems to apply and stick with it if it gives the feel and texture you desire. ***What about shampoos with things added to them—egg, for instance?*** They are trying to leave a layer behind, which is good for hair that wants added body. ***Cold water or warm water rinses?*** Whichever is most agreeable as long as you thoroughly remove soap or detergent. Warm water dissolves more of the alkalis than cold. The concept of hardening the hair with cold water is ludicrous. You can't cool hair enough with cold water to harden it. ***What about lemon, vinegar, beer rinses?*** Not everybody really needs a special rinse, but dermatologically there's no objection. It's not the lemon or the vinegar but the acid in them that helps fine and "processed" hair by neutralizing the residual alkali from the shampoo or treatment and leaving a film that gives a nicer slip, more manageability. ***How does one choose a conditioner and what does it do for you?*** Conditioners again are a case for individual experimentation. They penetrate the outer cuticle of the hair, rectify some of the damage committed by other materials, make wet hair less easy to break in combing. One enchanting effect is the reduction of static. ***Protein is a restorative addition to conditioners?*** That idea came about because hair is protein, pure protein. If one could replenish fading protein, it would be quite a beautiful thing. Protein additives in conditioners and hair treatments propose to do this trick. ***Maybe we should eat more protein?*** We have to eat a certain amount of protein in order to produce hair. And all red-blooded Americans certainly do that. Eating *more* protein is not going to produce better hair, unfortunately. Normal amount is right and enough. But eating too little protein will produce poor hair. In protein-starvation areas, human hair production is diminished. However in our society, we are overnutritioned rather than under. Unless a person is on a strictly vegetarian diet—and the vegetables don't include chick peas or soybeans or any other maximal protein vegetables—no American (or European for that matter) is going to suffer from unattractive hair created solely by diet problems. ***Beyond an "adequate diet" we should add nothing to our hair fare—not even gelatin?*** The protein of gelatin is no different than that of steak, lamb chops, eggs, chicken, cheese. If you prefer gelatin to steak, by all means tell the waitress. The value of gelatin is that it gives you the protein of Chateaubriand, minus perhaps a couple of hundred calories. But as long as you are getting your daily protein allotment one way or another, expect no dramatic hair and fingernail developments from gelatinous meals.

Shiny hair means blooming health? No direct relationship. The best hair, mistreated, will not shine. And poor hair, pampered, will have a kind of sheen. Excessive oiliness produces an unpleasant glow. Yet doctors feel that someone with non-shiny hair has a greater tendency to be ill. Perhaps because non-shine indicates non-shampooing, non-hairdressing —and therefore non-energy.

Permanents, straighteners, bleaches, dyes? What's the damage? None that becomes a problem, really, if the intervals are proper and the operator meticulous about following directions. The breakage that occurs is usually compensated for by the beauty benefits. The only threat is mismanagement. Basically, these hair preparations make use of depilatory chemicals. They're supposed to soften the hair to a cosmetic point, after which it gets neutralized. But if something happens—if we don't dilute it correctly, or use too high a concentration, or leave it on too long, or

FACTS FROM THE DERMATOLOGISTS

EXPLODED

don't neutralize it in time—then we go for broke. Broken hair. The operator who did a marvellous job on you before Christmas can ruin you in January just because, while you were in process, she got caught on the telephone for five minutes. Or wasn't feeling well enough for split-second timing that day. Put her on her mettle by telling her you want her to exactly duplicate her last feat, and make sure you're not there too soon (three weeks is the earliest for colour retouches)—and get brightened, rejuvenated, curled, or straightened out with impunity.

Do hair dryers "dry out" hair? The only thing they dry out is the moisture you want to get lost. And they do it more quickly than a Chinese fan. ***To which brush does the dermatologist give the blue ribbon?*** To the brush which is gently constructed. One in which the bristles do not sit so closely that they grab at and extract hair. Whether it's nylon or natural bristle or half-and-half is secondary (although nylon is more durable). Naturally, the bristles shouldn't be so pointedly traumatic as to leave rake marks on the scalp.

Does health determine the rate of growth? No. The average rate of growth is less than a half-inch a month, or, let's say, an inch every three months. Whatever the state of your health is, the rate of growth goes on, undisturbed. That's the *rate* of growth. What health affects is growth or no-growth—and the diameter of hair. Your hair may be thinner or finer with disease. Certain hairs may give up growing. But the ones that choose to grow go about it calmly with normal acceleration.

Backcombing or teasing will fracture hair more readily than straight down-to-scalp combing? Certainly it will. But hair teasing is another one of the mechanical means of creating the cosmetic appearance of body which no dermatologist objects to. If the damage it accomplishes is fittingly offset by the beauty benefits it attains, teasing, in moderation, gets a good grade. Teasing at the ends, at the half-way mark, may be the best idea. Troubled hair can always be cut. And, except in disaster cases, there's something coming in to replace it.

Best way to care for a child's hair? So that it grows up smashingly? Shampooing. We've said it before but it can't be over-emphasized that shampooing is probably the single most effective means of keeping hair groomed properly. Beyond that there's sensible hair styling, which means strong admonitions against severe traction induced by tight curlers, ponytails, backpull, upsweep—and those infamous one hundred strokes a day. ***True that a child's hair will grow no longer than its original length when first cut?*** Absolutely untrue. Why would an arbitrary decision about when to cut influence the maximum length your genes have decreed? ***Permanents for children?*** Difficult. Even the fine hair of an adult is not easily subjected to the chemical alteration that produces a permanent wave. Children, being miniature adults, have miniature hair follicles and therefore miniature hair (like the fingernails, hair grows with them; the diameter increases). Fine hair physically just doesn't permanent as well as coarse hair does. It can be done, but it requires a very special formula and a skillful operator. ***Will cutting a child's hair influence hair growth?*** No more than cutting adult hair, which is not at all. Hair is dead, once it leaves the follicle to decorate your scalp. The lower part of it doesn't care what the upper part is doing. ***What, exactly, constitutes normal hair loss?*** Hair departs annually in a systematic way. The peak of its exit is in November. This is the big hair news, shortly to be divulged by a team of researchers who designed an experiment to test seasonal hair loss and carried it out over a five-year period. The least hair loss is accordingly six months after—or before, if you want to look at it that way—November. The usual period during which one hair grows is roughly a thousand days, and the usual period of resting is a hundred days. Then the hair falls out and a new hair starts growing from that same follicle. If you keep that in mind, the fact that the human scalp is a mosaic of activity, you realize that the normal individual is shedding hair without losing density of hair. And in the Northern Hemisphere, summer, the sunny time, seems to be the greatest time for the least hair loss. Maybe there's a lesson there.

One hundred strokes a day? Mother shouldn't have told you that. Any manipulation of the scalp beyond what is needed to put hair in place and groom it can be damaging, can yank out viable hairs, some of which may never regrow. Incidentally, brushing wet hair is more risky than brushing dry hair. A wet hair stretches further, breaks more easily. ***Maybe we shouldn't brush at all then?*** Brushing for grooming is fine. A smart, well-aimed ten or twenty strokes will remove dead hairs, organize things. But make twenty strokes your outside limit. Remember, you can groom with a brush, but you can not, should not, *treat* with a brush. It's no treat.

Thinning hair? How do we plump that up? Temples, crown, back of head? First, you go to the doctor. He ascertains the cause of the hair loss. Could be any number of things including anemia, high fever, malaria. Thyroid conditions do strange things, hairwise. Underactive thyroid sometimes reflects in coarse hair. Hyperthyroid, which is overactive thyroid, often tells in baby-fine and scanty hair. What doesn't cause hair to shed, you will be shattered to learn (we were), is impaired circulation, tight hats, superior mentality, and other quaintnesses upon which we once could pin thinning hair. Even sexiness, alas, is out as the culprit. ***How does the doctor handle this?*** If there's a local disease of the scalp, treatment is of course in order. Deficiency of a hormone calls for replacement therapy. Excess of a hormone (androgen, the male hormone, is occasionally the offender here) wants help, too. Doctor can give it and it doesn't hurt. . . . Maintaining normal health and nutrition is essential ammunition against hair loss.

Is hair loss during pregnancy real or imagined? There is no hair loss during pregnancy. As a matter of fact, there is diminished hair loss. After childbirth, hair thins markedly. In sev- (Continued on page 122)

HOLD THE PRESS

MORE GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE "IN" CREASE

CLOTHES WITH PERMANENT PRESS

Since the first time they knife-edged into fashion—as reported in last May's Vogue—clothes with permanent press and permanent crease have been nothing but Joy. Thousands of women read about them, snapped them up, gave them supreme tests, and found them as good as their word. Joy, joy. Now, good news of presses and creases increases—more clothes, more ideas, more variety. Everything, here, in American fabrics. . . . Sunny pair, *above*—a sand-coloured shirt of Fortrel, rayon, flax; about $12; a yellow Koratron culotte with panelled front, of Fortrel, linen, rayon; about $17. Both by Koret of California; Crown fabric. At Bloomingdale's; G. Fox; Filene's; Shillito's. Napier belt. Buttoned down, *opposite,* to short pleat-folded pants, a white Koratron jumpsuit of Fortrel and cotton. By Halpern & Christenfeld; West Point Pepperell fabric; about $13. At Stern Brothers; Bamberger's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Sakowitz. Sant' Angelo rings at Henri Bendel.



ALEXIS WALDECK

HOLD THE PRESS-
FOR CHECKS

News here: permanent press in Tattersall—precise little tea-towel checks in wrapped dresses, crisp to stay, with sashes knotted at the waist. . . The small tie-up, *opposite*, of blue and brown checks on white—flat square neck, bits of sleeves, bias flapped pockets, wrapped under a knotted sash; about $35. The coatdress idea, *above*, yellow and brown on white with one deep lapel, bias pockets, cuffed sleeves, tied sash; about $40. Both by Ginori, of Fortrel and cotton by Avondale. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Sandals by Latinas.

ALEXIS WALDECK

HOLD THE PRESS—
FOR WHITE

White shirtdress—that's it all over, *left,* travelling anywhere freely on a permanent-press basis. Buttons up to a high pointed collar, long sleeves, low saddlebag pockets and pleat. About $45. A strip of bareness, *above,* that cuts out from the high collar to the buckled belt, a little tape in between—great on a permanent-pressed white sleeveless dress. About $35. High square neck and armholes, *right,* for a dirndl dress with knotted sash, stitched edges everywhere. About $40. All by Ginori; permanent-pressed Dacron and cotton by Galey & Lord. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Sant' Angelo rings, at Henri Bendel. The white leather thong sandals to the shins, by Latinas.

ALEXIS WALDECK



BAHIA MY LOVE BY JORGE AMADO

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The best living Brazilian writer, Jorge Amado is published in more than thirty languages. Best known for* Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon, *published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1962, he writes of provincial passion and politics with the restlessness of a bird. Mr. Amado worked for a time on his father's cacao plantation in Ilhéus, a port in the province of Bahia, where he was born. At nineteen he published his first novel, and thirty-seven years later Knopf published Amado's* Shepherds of the Night. *Spending most of the time at his house in Salvador, the capital of Bahia, Mr. Amado has an apartment in Rio de Janeiro, living in both places with his wife Zelia and their two children, Paloma and João-Jorge.*

The mulatto woman strolls along the little market quay. Her loose hips sway like the poops of two fishing boats as she sings her song of enticement to the sailors:

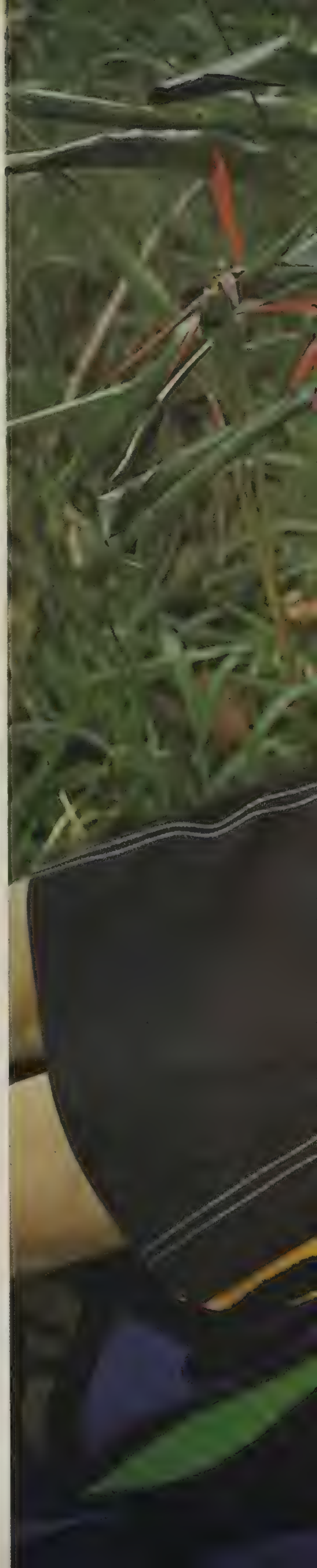
If you care for your wife,
If you've got a girl,
Mind you don't pass my way;
'Cause if you pass my way
You'll never love another woman again.

Her song permeates the sultry afternoon air. In the market, fresh fish gleam in the sun like silver blades. The city, warm, sensual, romantic, leans on its elbows and looks down at the sea.

Ah, if you love another city, if you have given your heart to New York or Moscow, Rio or Paris, Vienna or Tokyo, Venice with her canals or Prague with her ancient towers, be warned! Mind you don't pass her way, avoid the city once called Bay [Bahia] of All Saints, now called Salvador, for if you ever tread the black stones of her streets, a new love will fill your heart. And you will never be free of her, this city made for man and his delight.

Magnificent city, bride of the sea. There, beneath the waves, lives Yemanjá, goddess of the waters and the winds, of calm weather and tempest, of the sailor's life and of his love. The goddess has five names: Yemanjá, Janaina, Inaê, Mother-of-Waters, and Princess of Aioká. Her call echoes in the moonlight drum beats, enwraps the gold and silver churches, rises up the hills gravid with history. Magical city, where the supernatural is part of the landscape and wonders occur daily.

If you pass her way, you will be entrapped by Bahia's mystery, by her loveliness, and you will lose your heart forever. Once you bathe in the heavy ointment of her beauty, once you know her magical reality, you will never get her out of your (Continued on page 96)



DENIM AND THE RIVETTING SHINE OF ALUMINUM

Denim—the all-time great American fabric—has kicked over the traces and gone denimondaine: adorable snug-little-raglan coats . . . mini-coatdresses . . . bared-midriff suits . . . square-bare dresses almost smaller than swatches . . . and littlest yet, the high-jumpsuits. They're vivid in grass greens, bright browns, real blues. . . . They're terrific in stretch weaves, cool new weights. . . . And the coolest thing about them here is the sharp aluminum shine, cooling it—on these fourteen pages—with Veruschka, in Brazil. Square-bare cool, *right:* denim-stitched denim cutting all corners—straight across the shoulder, straight to the thigh; a perfect little rectangle of a dress forearmed and girdled in wide aluminum shine. Dress by Ginori, of Vycron and cotton (Canton denim). About $26. At Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Wide-circling belt and arm bands by Sant' Angelo, in Alcoa aluminum. At Altman's, Studio 3. Fruit-laden tapestry rug flung across the grass, by Brazilian painter Genaro de Carvalho. Coiffures, on this and the next twelve pages, by Silvinho of Janbert, Rio. And, at every turn of the page, another bright village, lush meadow, church, rippling lake or beach of Bahia.





DENIM—*and its makeup, cooled to coppery aluminum shine*



Surrounded by bright flutters of Bahia's social butterflies, Veruschka plays her own colour cool, at the left—now-way to play it with denim's polish and aluminum shine: white hazed by smoky greys, throwing a cool luminous mist about her eyes. And it all comes out of Shiseido shadow boxes. . . . That's the way makeup comes—and goes—these days, from everywhere on earth to everywhere on earth. Here, Japanese eye make-up cooling it half a world away in Brazil. High-jumpsuit, right: bright-brown haltered denim going leggity-split above a long, long run of bare suntanned leg—copper-bright aluminum polishes off the cropped look with giant buckler belt and wide bands at arms and legs. The cropped jumpsuit by Ginori, in Graniteville Sanforized cotton denim. About $30. At Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Coppery buckler and bands by Sant' Angelo, in Alcoa aluminum. All at Altman's, Studio 3.

RUBARTELLI

DENIM—

colour-bright,
aluminum-bright

Shine-toggled raglan coat, left: grass-green denim drawn in snug at the high raglan shoulder, gathered close to the back of the waist; legs go bare-foot and gleaming in chain-linked aluminum bands—along an aisle of São Francisco's gilded baroque nave. Denimini trench coat by La Flaque de Paris of Cuddlecoat, in Granite-ville cotton denim. About $50. At Alt-man's; Hutzler's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Bared-midriff suit, right, in real-blue denim: square little jacket jumping clear of the waist, little culotte-flare skirt jumping clear of the leg—shin-ing skin, circled in aluminum shine at throat, legs, feet. Denim-stitched denim suit by Bardley, in Dacron and cotton (Avondale fabric). About $70. Altman's; Halle Bros.; Jacob-son's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Baroque-blue tiles mount the walls behind, in São Francisco's parrot-filled cloister. Throat-band, and leg-bands on both pages, by Sant' Angelo, in Alcoa aluminum. At Altman's, Studio 3.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





DENIM—*harnessed and held by aluminum shine*

Aluminum harness, bit of denim, above: X marks the spot where bright brown's crossed with aluminum—the brightest guest Bahia has ever wined and dined . . . here in the studio of Genaro de Carvalho. Snap-on harness dress by Sant' Angelo; Cone cotton, Alcoa aluminum. About $30 each. Altman's, Studio 3; Lazarus.

Aluminum obi and denimini kimono, right: West embraces East as American denim and aluminum wrap up a mini-kimono before the Katsura-panelled house of Brazil's greatest writer, Jorge Amado. Bright-brown and white dress by Sylvia de Gay for Country Set; Fortrel and cotton (Concord denim). About $26. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Obi, and leg bands on both pages, by Sant' Angelo; Alcoa aluminum. Altman's, Studio 3.

BAHIA, MY LOVE (Continued from page 90) mind. You will be, forever and always, a Bahian.

Shower of gold and light in the Church of Saint Francis. The saint was so poor, but his church is immeasurably rich. Baroque stone angels, with chubby faces and buttocks, take flight. The Church of Saint Theresa, now the magnificent Museum of Sacred Art, with its back to the mountain, looks as if it were about to break loose and sail, a great stone ship, out into the sea—an incomparable blue-green sea where the sails of fishing boats open to the winds in perilous daily adventure.

The colours of Bahia explode in the sun-drenched morn. The rugmaker Genaro de Carvalho, a master of beauty, walks slowly down the street and gathers up the colours for his loom.

Planted in the midst of the waters, the fort of Saint Marcel, whose cannons thundered against the Dutch and later against the Portuguese, has been transformed into a great conch in a seascape.

Morning is the city's time for the sea. All the steep streets slope down to the calm waters of the gulf or to the turbulent waters of the most beautiful beaches in the world: Piatã, Itapoã, Amaralina, Pituba, Arambepe. On the little market quay, bright with mangos, pineapples, yellow hog plums, green papayas, and Pitanga cherries with their



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golden stars, a tumultuous and happy world is in motion: fruit vendors, fishing-boat captains, witch doctors learned in the use of sacred herbs that cure all ills, Jew's harpists, tradesmen, and masters of *capoeira,* a strange art that is at once boxing and ballet.

People of every colour and racial mixture, for this city is the home of Brazilian ethnic democracy. Here all bloods are merged. Bahia was the love couch for that immense copulation from which Brazil's mestizo population and its civilization were conceived. Here the white, Negro, and Indian gods were blended, and so were the men of those races.

At the big market fairs of Agua de Meninos and São Joaquim one sees great quantities of folk ceramics: pitchers, clay jugs, plates with flower designs of blue, green, yellow, and red, cavalcades of horses, gentle oxen, coloured donkeys, brave cowboys; clay worked by the ingenuous yet wise hand of the native artisan. From the beaches, where the bathers lie bronzing in the sun, the primitive, single-masted fishing rafts called *jangadas,* with their courageous little crews, set out to sea:

My *jangada* sails today, my love,
Far out upon the sea.
God willing, I'll bring back a thousand fish
And a special one for thee.

On the beach where rich people lie under the palm trees and bathe in the tepid water, jack fishermen pull in their nets, many fishermen pulling together on the same net. Voodoo holy women pass by in their ritual vestments bearing gifts for their African gods. Fishing for jack is hard work but it is also a kind of festival.

The beauty of this city of Bahia is ancient, well-established, all-enveloping. It was not born all at once; it was created slowly, and its mortar was mixed with the blood of slaves.

Pillory Square is a famous landmark, with its great colonial houses, its blue church, its dark pavement, its *capoeira* clubs, its mysterious trade in magic charms, and the seething life of its streets and of its little bars where prostitutes and con men hang out. Many years ago, the best people lived there, the feudal aristocracy of the sugar mills. In the centre of the square stood the pillory, where the slaves were punished. From the windows of the great houses, nubile, high-born maidens peeked at the Negroes' nude bodies, cut by the whip. Ever since those days, souls in anguish have wandered through the halls and up and down the dusty stairways of these old houses. The moans of the slaves became songs and sambas, and from them were born the composer Dorival Caymmi and his Bahian music.

The beauty of Bahia flows (Continued on page 120)

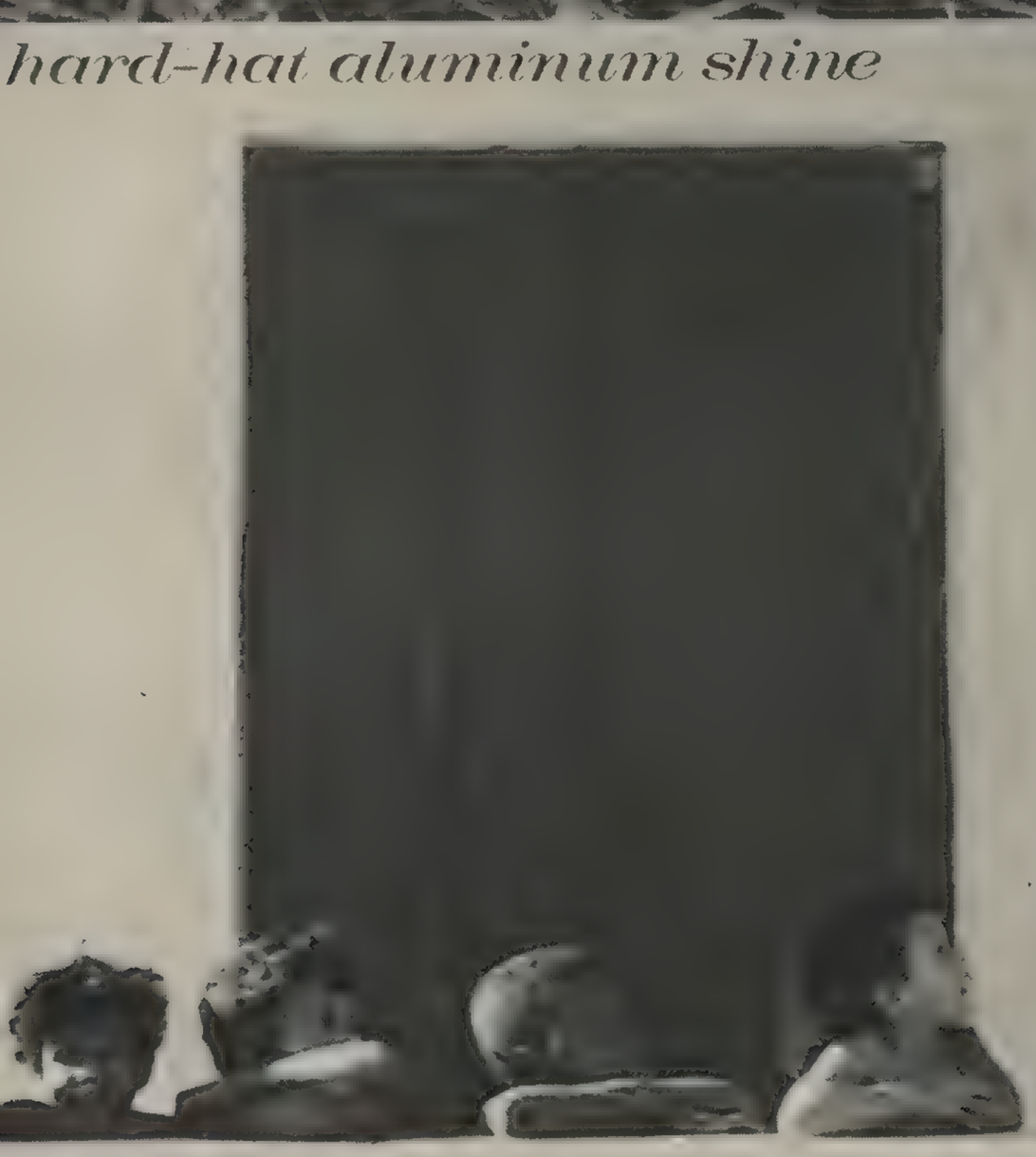
DENIM- *mini-white. big on aluminum shine*

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Denimini white, big-fichu shine, left: patch pockets on noon-high white denim blazed by a fichu no heat can wilt. Dress by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in cotton and Monsanto Blue C nylon; Cone stretch denim. About $185. Bonwit Teller. Fichu and arm bands by Sant' Angelo, in Alcoa aluminum. All, at Altman's, Studio 3. Denimini white, big-buckler shine, right: wide-slit pockets hold denim at arms' length—a little cuff-hemmed run past a buckler's great-sun shine. By Carmine Porcelli for Joseph Pruzan; Canton cotton. About $90. Altman's; Stanley Korshak. Headdress, buckler, and leg bands by Sant' Angelo, in Alcoa aluminum. Altman's, Studio 3.

DENIM—*working with white.*

hard-hat aluminum shine





Working mini-shirtdress, far left: flap pockets right off a workman's shirt buttoned in white, Levi-tracked in white—navy denim with hard-hat shine. By Ginori; Canton Vycron and cotton. About $45. At Altman's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; J.W. Robinson. Working mini-coatdress, above: a cut or two more than a flap-pocket work shirt—light at work in the sugar-cane fields—in shiny hard hat, wide leg bands. Ginori; bright-brown Vycron and cotton (Canton denim). About $80. Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Shirt working as mini-coatdress, left: the deniminiest bit of navy with flap pockets high and low—only shirt in sight, as Veruschka plays the berimbau before shirtless Itaparica boys. By Majestic; Fortrel and cotton (Concord denim). About $25. At Altman's; Hudson's; H. & S. Pogue. All hard-hat shine, on both pages, by Sant' Angelo, in Alcoa aluminum. Altman's, Studio 3.

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DENIM—*and the strike of aluminum bands*

One, two, kangaroo, left: a big kangaroo-pouch pocket closed with hardware on the front of a jumping little dress of denim-blue denim; the hardware flashing on throat, arms, and legs—wide bands of aluminum; and the seafoam splashing—on the Brazilian beach of Itapoã. Dress by Erika Elias for Charlie's Girls, of cotton stretch denim (Avondale fabric). In junior sizes. About $20. At Altman's; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Hudson's. Cut out for dugouts, right: a tiny white denim tube hung on narrow shoulder straps, with a small square cutout between V'd pockets on the bodice. By Ginori, of Canton cotton denim. About $35. At Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; J.W. Robinson. This page, photographed in the waters off Itaparica, Brazil. The Alcoa aluminum jewellery, both pages, by Sant' Angelo, at Altman's, Studio 3.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Recharging HEALTH *and* VITALITY

PROGRESS REPORT FROM TWO EUROPEAN DOCTORS ON THE CONTROVERSIAL USES OF CELLULAR THERAPY

BY BRIAN INGLIS

The idea of an elixir of youth is almost as old as recorded history; but it was barely eighty years ago that a professor of physiology at the University of Paris found one —or at least believed he had. Bored with life in his early seventies, Brown-Séquard injected himself with a testicular extract taken from animals; not merely, he told his surprised colleagues, did he look younger (as surely they could see for themselves), and feel younger; there were also, he told them meaningfully, some things which he had been unable to do for years, or been able to do only badly, which he could now "perform most admirably."

Although his colleagues were skeptical, Brown-Séquard had started something. Researchers began experimenting in rejuvenation all over Europe. In Vienna, Steinach found that he could restore the virility of old rats by grafting the organs from younger rats onto them. Then, Voronoff introduced the same process for old men, using what were euphemistically described as "monkey glands." The poet Yeats was reportedly one of the beneficiaries, which led the old Dublin chophouse, the Dolphin, to put monkey gland steaks on the menu, customers being assured that they gave the same results at a much reduced cost.

Among the experimenters was the Swiss surgeon Paul Niehans, who carried out scores of operations to graft animal organs onto humans; but the results, though often temporarily encouraging, were never lasting. The human body dealt with the intruding organ as it deals with alien skin grafts, by rejection. One day, however, a patient sent to him for a parathyroid condition arrived in the operating theatre moribund, in no condition for surgery. On an impulse, Niehans chopped up the parathyroid gland of an ox, which he had been intending to use; put it in a saline solution with which he then injected the patient. Not merely did she recover; she lived on for a quarter of a century without a relapse.

Niehans naturally believed that he had found a way of by-passing the body's reluctance to accepting grafts. We can, after all, take blood from other people, provided they are in our "group." On the same principle, he surmised, we may be able to accept, or at least in some way to exploit, animal cells. But his colleagues declined to accept this hypothesis. When patients recovered from Niehans's treatment, it must—they maintained—be coincidence, or faith healing. If there was anything in the method, it could only be on the lines of an immunization procedure—the human organ, in reacting against the intruder, was recovering its own vitality. The effect of an injection of animal cells into a human body resembled the reaction to the arrival of an invading force rather than to the arrival of members of a peace corps coming to help in social welfare projects.

Niehans's theory might still be known only to a few obscure disciples, in fact, had it not been for Pope Pius XII. Despairing of the orthodox treatment for his eccentric disorders (he was a martyr, among other things, to hiccups) Pius decided to give cellular therapy a trial; and so gratified was he with the results that in due course Niehans was elevated to the Pontifical Academy, to fill the vacancy left by the death of Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin.

Orthodoxy was not impressed; the resistance to Niehans's ideas has not abated at all, and he is now an old man with inclinations to retirement. Whether cellular therapy becomes acceptable is in the hands of his followers scattered in different parts of the world. The largest group is in Germany (the German medical profession, for some inscrutable reason, is relatively tolerant about heretical notions). It seems possible, though, that Niehans's mantle will fall on one of two doctors, neither of whom practises in Germany. Several years ago, people who went to Niehans for treatment formed the impression that Dr. Adolphe Mocquot of Montpellier was the heir apparent; now another contender has arisen—Professor Wolfgang Goetze-Claren who, though German by birth, practises in Rome. I have been to see them both to explore the progress of cellular therapy.

Mocquot divides his time between his clinical and academic work in Montpellier, and his home in Cannes, where I was to meet him. I dislike formal interviews with doctors—they tend to be too much on their guard; so I had suggested that we have dinner. We met in Mocquot's apartment overlooking the *plage*, with a fine view out over the Mediterranean to the mountains of the Estérel. The apartment offered few clues about him; but his answers to our questions quickly did.

Mocquot is in his early forties, married, with two boys; and to judge by his appearance he is unlikely to need his own treatment in the foreseeable future. He talks animatedly, though quietly, with the lucidity that comes from total grasp of a subject, rather than from mastery of the techniques of presentation. He does not proffer glib certainties, as do so many upholders of unorthodox opinions. Always he insists that the case for cellular therapy is still based on empirical evidence; not, as yet, on any proven theoretical foundation. The hypothesis is that when animal cells are injected into the human body, they find their way to the appropriate organ (from the sheep's thyroid, say, to the human thyroid). There, they

help begin a reactivation process. This term is preferred to "rejuvenation," because nothing can make the organs younger; though, if the treatment works, the recipient may *look* younger.

Patients coming to the clinic are first examined; a diagnosis is made of what organs are ailing; and confirmatory tests are carried out (Mocquot is contemptuous of those doctors, now very common, who subject patients to a battery of tests before attempting any diagnosis). Having discovered which organs require activation, he prepares the appropriate cellular extract from animals—preferably animal foetuses—taken from the local abattoir, and injects it in solution into the patient's buttocks. A diet is imposed and, three months later—with the organs reactivated—the patient begins to feel a new man, or woman.

This, at any rate, is Mocquot's experience; and it is difficult, talking to him, to doubt that he gets results. But the treatment does *not*, he is careful to insist, work miracles. For a wide range of disorders it is useless—infections spread by germs or viruses, for example. Nor is it effective against cancer. Niehans has reported some cases where beneficial effects have been observed, after treatment, on tumours; and he further maintains that a comparison of the cancer mortality rates shows that people who have had the treatment appear to be less inclined to develop cancer than the community at large. But Mocquot has no desire to find people arriving on his clinic doorstep under the impression that he can provide a cancer cure.

Cellular therapy, Mocquot believes, gives the best results in disorders of development—particularly in children; in glandular disturbances, ranging from functional impotence to excessive sensitivity to changes in the weather; in degenerative disorders, like arthritis; and in stress disorders—post-climacteric depression, migraine, and sleeplessness. But—as with an electric battery—the recharging process can work only so long as the organs have not deteriorated beyond a certain point; there must be a residue of energy left to activate. When there is, patients feel better almost at once, but this improvement is usually temporary—comparable to the effect of a large dry martini. The real benefit is not experienced until the ailing organs, reactivated, are working smoothly again.

Before going to dinner, we went out onto the apartment balcony to take a last look over the Mediterranean. There was one of those vivid sunsets which would excite ecstatic comment if you did not remember uneasily that it is even more vividly reproduced on the local postcards. To the east, a full moon was rising. Obviously a night for dinner in the open air; but we had already booked in at the *Reine Pédauque*—one star in the *Guide Michelin*.

I was interested to see that Mocquot had a glass of whiskey as an apéritif, not because that is unusual—whiskey has become almost *de rigueur* in some French circles—but because it is forbidden to patients not merely during but after cellular therapy. I should have mentioned that the treatment is not without disadvantages of this kind—Niehans insists on no smoking; no hard liquor; no sauna baths; no sunbathing. Abstinence from sauna baths would for me be no deprivation, and I do not smoke; but not to be allowed to lie out in the Côte d'Azur sun, with the prospect of a drink of reasonably high alcoholic content, in the evening, would be a distinct disincentive to taking the treatment.

However, Mocquot used what I began to realize was his standard let-out whenever he is willing to depart from the strict letter of the Niehans law. The rules, he insisted, are still empirical. What is bad for one patient may do no harm to another. It is easy to see how the rules come to be laid down. A patient who has been doing fine has a relapse; she admits she had a sauna bath (or a large Scotch); so sauna baths (or large Scotches) get the blame and are put on the banned list. But Mocquot realizes that some people may react differently from others; he is less strict on this score than Niehans.

One Niehans prohibition, however, Mocquot regards as entirely justified. If you take cellular therapy, and are then vaccinated, it undoes the effects, and you will have to take the treatment again. This is a nuisance, particularly for American citizens with their country's vaccination-every-three-years rule for anyone who leaves the country and wishes to return.

Dr. Goetze-Claren is not dissimilar in looks to Mocquot (except for his sideburns), and about the same age; but there the resemblance abruptly ends. He is a cosmopolitan: born and bred in Germany, he worked in the U.S. for several years, and has now returned to Europe to concentrate on cellular therapy. His attractive Welsh wife Bronwen, who was a journalist in New York, completes the international picture. Goetze-Claren has few of Mocquot's reticences. He likes to envisage cellular therapy clinics in every world capital; and when he travels he likes to stay in the best hotels and to dine in the most fashionable restaurants—including, unfortunately, the Hostaria dell'Orso in Rome.

In many respects the treatment Goetze-Claren uses is the same as Mocquot's, particularly in the emphasis on the importance of diet—though, again, there are individual differences over what is allowed and what is forbidden. A convinced supporter of the Niehans method, Goetze-Claren is not, however, entirely satisfied with the explanation of how it works. Is it really the animal cells that do the job? May it not be some active element within the cells?

Without going into technicalities, the thesis Goetze-Claren propounds is that the reactivators in cellular therapy are not the cells but their ribonucleic acid—RNA—content. As well as injecting cells, therefore, Goetze-Claren uses RNA derivatives—thereby providing the genetic matter which, he feels, is essential to the reactivation process. In other words, he is trying to do for cellular therapy much what medical science did for sufferers from heart trouble, when it extracted digitalis from foxgloves and began treating patients with the refined drug. Goetze-Claren therefore differentiated his method, calling it genetic therapy; and although he still links the two, I get the impression that straightforward cellular therapy, so far as he is concerned, is tending to recede into the background.

But orthodoxy dismisses genetic, along with cellular, therapy as pseudo-scientific rubbish. What proof, the scientists say, can Goetze-Claren or anybody else, put forward that the injected RNA from an animal organ goes to the appropriate human organ, and begins to reactivate it? Like Mocquot, Goetze-Claren has to admit that proof of a kind that would satisfy the scientists is lacking. He points out, though, that research has at least shown that animal cells, when injected into another animal, do migrate to the identical organ in the host. This has been demonstrated with the help of photography under an electromicroscope, the cells being tagged for observation on the same principle as the "ringing" of migrating birds. But the final link—proof that the cells are active when they arrive at the host organ—is still to come.

This means that the onus of proof of the effectiveness of the treatment is on the practitioner. He has to demonstrate that it works. But here, too, there is a snag. Scores of patients have sworn by Niehans's method—Dr. Adenauer, Lillian Gish, and Gloria Swanson among them. While I was in Rome I met a couple of Goetze-Claren's grateful patients, including a woman, intelligent and widely-travelled (she had once lived next door to Che Guevara, but that is another story), who exhibited her fingers, once hooked with arthritis, now flexible again.

But individual cases mean little. *Any* treatment can work for some people. Even dummy pills, after all, have a striking record of clinical achievement. What has to be ascertained is the proportion of patients who benefit; the results also have to be compared to what orthodoxy can do for them. But orthodoxy will not cooperate (Continued on page 119)

THE SUN SET

New looks in the sun—chains, ruffles, clear vinyl insets—making a splash on black or white. The chained bikini, left: newest way to hold a bikini together—a big gilt chain linking two tiny pieces of stretchy white nylon. By Bill Blass for Roxanne; Du Pont nylon and Lycra (Stretchnit fabric). About $24. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Sanger-Harris. The play's the thing, right, in a little white cotton matelassé jumpsuit, clean as salt—with no sleeves, a tab belt, and big patch pockets in front. By Alexa, of Seltzer & Diamond fabric. About $18. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; Sakowitz. Coiffures on these and the following four pages, by Silvinho of Janbert, Rio. Ribbons by Burlington.

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THE SUN SET IN WHITE DENIM AND LACE

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The little white beach dress, far left: quick sun shade in crisp white denim—lightly gathered on a yoke, the neck and tiny puffed sleeves rimmed with peaky lace. Dress by Ladybug, of Arnel-and-cotton. About $18. The little white sunsuit, near left: more fresh denim with lacy white edges—unsleeved, U-necked, low-belted; cut high on shiny bronze legs. By Ladybug, of Arnel-and-cotton. About $19. The sun-fashion (of Richelieu fabric) on both these pages, at Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Higbee; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin.

Bareback, left, great new way to ride the waves—clear vinyl straps cross the bare back of a black wool knit bikini with more clear vinyl holding it all together. Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear. About $26. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Ruffles ruffling in the sea breeze, below—around the hem of a clingy black knitted sunsuit sashed snug around the waist. Enkalure nylon. Junior sizes. About $30. Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia. Hello hipbone, near right, clearly visible through clear vinyl portholes set in a black wool knit maillot—cut high in front, low in back, held with a low white tie. By Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear. About $40. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin. This black maillot, and the black bikini, left, of wool knitted in America. XX marks the spot, far right: a double set of crisscross straps backing up a little black maillot. Brigance for Sinclair, of Du Pont nylon (Stretchwell fabric). About $23. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's.

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BLACK SAILS IN THE SUN SET

EASY-COME, EASY-STAY HOUSE IN NASSAU

MR. AND MRS. NICHOLAS P. GOULANDRIS ASK OF THIS HOUSE FOR PART OF EACH YEAR THAT IT EXPRESS A WHOLE WAY OF LIFE—AND THEN, PLEASE, SHUT UP.



Mrs. Nicholas P. Goulandris, photographed here with her poodles, Daisy and Bobo, planned the Nassau house "Olympiakos" to the last jot of efficiency, to the last slather of comfort. Behind her, one of the Josef Albers paintings, "Homage to the Square." Opposite: The swimming pool centres the daytime life at "Olympiakos." Mrs. Goulandris designed the striped sun pavilion as a shelter from the sea wind.



EASY-COME, EASY-STAY Continued

"It's not trying to be one blessed thing it isn't—so it works very well," Mrs. Nicholas P. Goulandris said of her house in Nassau. This house, "Olympiakos"—named after the Greek soccer team rather than for the home of gods—is a frame, a case that encloses and defines a special, island-in-the-sun kind of life, quite unlike the life Mr. and Mrs. Goulandris lead in Greece, on their boat in the Mediterranean, or in New York.

A coral shell full of sunshine and not much else, Nassau is an island where "you make your own company," said Mrs. Goulandris. "It is an amazing little place. Everyone comes through here. English, Greek, American, Italian, all our friends." And their son's friends, down with him on college vacations. So—a house that is from December through April a background for a light, steady patter of friends. A comfortable, easy house. Nothing to fuss over. Lots of colour. Lots of cushions. Good paintings, no bric-a-brac. Marvellous food. Miraculous service. Golf, that way. The beach, that way. Swimming pool, at the door.

A holiday life—beautifully done. All done by Mrs. Goulandris with William Baldwin, a decorator whom she wholly admires. Her stratagems for successful holidaying are clear. A separate two-bedroom house for guests. Luncheon outdoors, shaded from wind and sun. All furniture unassuming, undemanding white bamboo. All fabrics tough, "canvassy," their opulence in their colours. Where life is lived for the outdoors and the sunshine, Mrs. Goulandris said, "It shouldn't be made complicated." Or: Where the organization is brilliant, complications don't set in.

HORST

In Nassau, Mrs. Goulandris, left, *who has a deep, brunet glow as if she had locked in sunshine, wears easy, informal clothes, a bash of colour.* Above: *The tented terrace, a sheltered place for luncheon, transforms to a discothèque for parties.* Below, left: *In the guesthouse sitting room, banquettes act as caches for storage and as assembly point for drinks before lunch, in out of the glare.* Below: *Mrs. Goulandris's bedroom, an all-out garden of flowers printed on white, the furniture the simple wicker and bamboo that prevails throughout the house making its statement of no fuss.*

"I want everything bright and gay," Mrs. Goulandris said. Opposite page, top left: *Counterfoil to brightness, the entrance hall is a cool, almost black brown, papered with trellis. Then the light begins.* Opposite, top right: *The large, open living room, its whiteness pierced with sunflower colours and "always flowers."* Opposite, below: *In the dining room, more of the oranges and yellows Mrs. Goulandris loves, all pitched to the long, glowing painting by Jules Olitski. In front of it, a sculpture by the Greek artist Alex Mylonas. The table set with printed cloths, bright pottery.*

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



Tokyo: A report on the boutique scene

from observer Caterine Milinaire (left) and two Tokyo friends, actress Mariko Kaga and poet Kazumi Nitta (below). Fascinating how boutiques the world over seem like sisters, yet each city's has a unique nuance, a special light. . . .



HOGENBOOM

First of all (1) ***reporter Milinaire's kimono culotte***—it's a blending of a couple of good ideas—in printed silk obi-ed in satin. Approximately $170, Torii boutique, 5-2 Ginza, Chuo Ku. . . . (2) ***As sensible as a sneaker,*** the thong-toed canvas bootie with rubber soles worn by road workers. Available all over Tokyo. 75 cents. . . . (3) ***Gold glitters everywhere***—in Tokyo it's mixed with black Lurex. About $78, from Torii boutique. . . . (4) ***Beautiful butterflies*** printed aflutter on sooty black silk crêpe, $250. From famous-in-America Hanae Mori, 4-672 Seki Machi, Nerima Ku. . . . (5) ***Hat à la***

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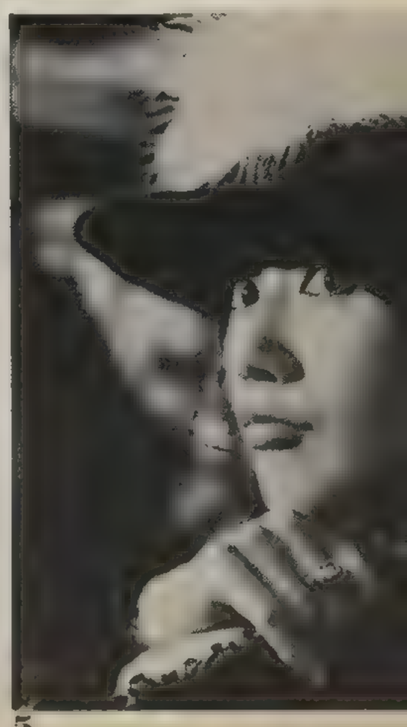


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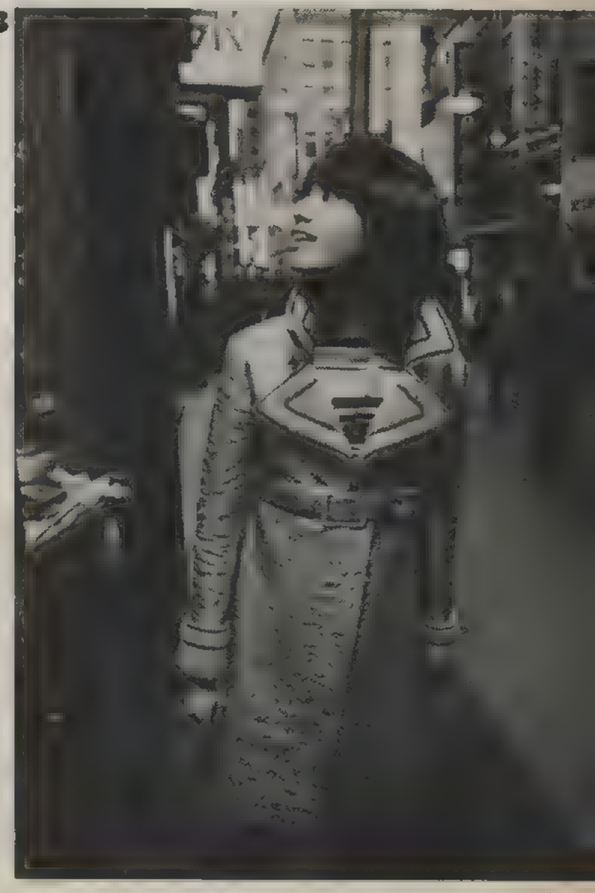


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Japonaise—purple felt with pink ostrich fluffy-tail from Boutique Colette, 2-7-18 Kita, Aoyama. . . . (6) ***Capes, braid, military magic***—big in Tokyo, too. This one in navy wool, matching trousers, $98 at Torii. . . . (7) ***Victoriana***—very big in Tokyo, too—little black velvet smocks frilled with white lace, approximately $22. At Mako Bis, Omote-Sando, Aoyama. . . . (8) ***Blistery glitter,*** a narrow little coat, all quilty warm inside. To order at Torii boutique. . . . (9) ***The "peacock set"***—i.e., the young men who know that to dress *colourful* is to dress *today*—all troop to Baby Doll, 8 Iigura-Katamachi, Azubu—the boutique where everything is sold from electric curlers to velveteen shirts to avant-theatre tickets. Here, reporter Milinaire slouches about with "The Tigers" (The Beatles of Japan)—and everybody's got on black velvet tunics, troubadour chains—the whole mediaeval kick that's currently it. . . . (10) ***Pooped, after Tokyo boutiquing,*** Kazumi plops like a fallen swan in white point d'esprit dress, marabou hemmed $145—Mariko is done in but delicious in dark-green velveteen spattered with green pearls, about $270. Both Boutique Colette, 2-7-18 Kita, Aoyama. . . . (11) ***"Gakusei Fuku"***—that's the traditional students' uniform—is translated in black fake fur ($145) and promptly bought by reporter Milinaire (left), while the other student-escort wears a brown knit, crocheted with white like the bones of a fish. $70. Both from Torii. . . .



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More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Men's stuff—more and more special things for men being asked for, being made—and being sold by boutiques that used just to have women or whimsey on their minds. . . . Allen & Cole, 150 E. 54th St., doing a steady, even up, job with their moire ties. Great colours, $7.50. And their double-knit turtlenecks in black or white; $13. And their suède belts, 1¼″-wide fastener holes punched *all* the way around, good square brass buckle. Good colours. $4. . . . Bob Bugnand's boutique—in amongst the great little sequin shifts—and the jewelled caftans, ***a Mao suit tailored for men*** in bitter brown silk herringbone, quietly sensational leopard print silk lining to the jacket. About $350. One fitting. Bob Bugnand, 200 East 62nd St. . . . Those mad scamps the Serendipity 3's are turning out ***men's shirts***—good classic shapes in wild fabrics—or wild, vaguely Cossack-inspired side-fastening, turtle-collared shirts in classic cotton broadcloths. $35. Second floor, 225 E. 60th St. . . . ***A success story***—the landslide success of Bill Blass's Men's Boutique at Bonwit Teller . . . it usually looks like Grand Central on the nights the trains are delayed . . . and the customers look like the fellows who ride the commuter trains—conservative you know, but quite certain they can carry off that much flair. And they do, by the carload. . . . ***Did you say you were looking for a sturdy shoe?*** Well here we are—*real* clumpers sturdy of heel, of sole, of bumpy toe . . . and full of fashion too. Burnished leather, wooden heel, clanked across the front with a plaque of brass that proclaims—in Italian—"The world is in need of truth." You bet. $40. From a collection of shoes imported from Italy especially for Robert Leader, 146 East 54th St. . . .

Tokyo: Twiggy's *it* there, too.



HOGENBOOM



And *why* not? For *who* in the world can resist one of the world's most irresistibles—especially when she's all bundled up in a glorious kimono—cobalt-blue with golden and silvery cranes flying through—and a lacquery red obi—and looking so delicate, so radiantly blond. . . . Twiggy was there to present her "Twiggy" designs. And even Justin de Villeneuve got tucked up in a traditional black silk kimono (above) to help Twiggy take a bow.

N.Y.: By the artists for the artists

. . . the clothes Susanne Moss and Jim Matson cut—or sculpt—depending on how you look at it, for a clientele that includes some of the best modern artists, or their wives, or their young patronesses. . . . They're interesting shapes, well moulded, from handsome fabrics. $100 to $400. . . . Moss-Matson, 229 8th Avenue. . . . Scene here, Moss-Matson's recent vernissage at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stella. . . .



JACK ROBINSON

Recharging health

(Continued from page 105)

in testing heresy. Two reasons are ordinarily given: one is that research funds are too scarce to be squandered on far-out techniques like cellular therapy; the other, that it would subject the patients acting as guinea pigs to an unwarranted risk.

On this last criticism, both Mocquot and Goetze-Claren point out, with ample justification, that orthodoxy is being hypocritical. The records of cellular therapy since Niehans began it have shown that, leaving aside whether it is effective, it is certainly astonishingly safe. This is far from true of orthodoxy's alternative in the case of arthritis—hormone treatment. A famous medical journal recently made the bland admission that the use of hormones for arthritic patients has been discredited.

There is, in fact, one possible hazard in cellular therapy, as Goetze-Claren concedes: patients whose doctors have habituated them to steroids (for one instance) have to "dry out" first, and this is not always easy. But it can hardly be blamed on cellular therapy.

The other snag is that the treatment is undeniably expensive. Goetze-Claren has his patients in the *Clinica Mater Dei* in Rome, which makes even the new *Parco dei Principi* hotel nearby look dowdy. When I arrived a little early I was told I could wait, if I wished, in the clinic's bar-restaurant—though the campari-soda I enjoyed there would, I fear, be forbidden to anybody undergoing therapy. Every room has its bathroom and balcony, its push-buttons for all services; it comes as a surprise when the bell is answered not by a waiter, but by one of the Spanish nuns who do the nursing. There is even a remote-controlled television set that provides all the Italian programs for anybody depressed enough to want to watch them. It works out to $45 a day, not extortionate by U.S. standards, but startling for Europe.

And this, of course, does not include the cost of the actual treatment which is far from cheap. It varies according to the diagnosis of the patient's disorder and also, I suspect—with any cellular therapist, as with other specialists—according to the diagnosis of the patient's ailment, or her husband's bank balance. But cellular therapists, again like some other specialists, are apt to soak the rich in order to be gentler to the less well-off—particularly children with whom both Mocquot and Goetze-Claren do much of their work.

*

When I got back to England I encountered a doctor who regards himself as something of an expert on these matters; and after putting the standard objections to cellular therapy to me, he came up with what he obviously regarded as the clincher: If the method really worked, how could I believe that scientists would be so blind as to continue to reject it?

I had to tell him that orthodoxy has often done much stupider things. It was the best part of a century before scientists would admit that hypnotism existed—let alone that it could be utilized in medical treatment. Osteopathic manipulation has still to be admitted into the medical canon—though in a few states, osteopathy has at last begun to be recognized. Even where old heresies are accepted the inventors or originators often do not get the credit.

One thing is certain: if research eventually demonstrates that cellular therapy works, and reveals how it works, it will be the most striking event in medicine since the discoveries of Pasteur. . . . Consider the case of one of Niehans's patients, a four-year-old boy who had been born with a third of one of his thighbones missing. Niehans grafted on the thighbone from an unborn lamb, supplementing this treatment with cellular injections; and X rays revealed not only that the graft "took," but that the thighbone grew until it doubled in length. Again, a single case of this kind proves nothing; but the implications, should the experiment prove to be repeatable, would be staggering. At one point in evolution, certain forms of animal life developed the ability to regenerate lost limbs—lizards, which can grow new tails, are the most familiar example. Imagine the results if research into genetics were to provide for humans the key to *that* long-closed evolutionary door.

Even without carrying hopes this far, the prospects of discovering how to exchange old organs for new are alluring. As the Russian scientist L. V. Komarov put it recently, if ways are found to prevent the decline of one organism from jeopardising the rest, "all structures existing in the 'young' organism would be preserved as they are for indefinitely long periods, and death would be the result of accidental causes, such as injuries, accidents, disease. In effect, to whatever extent these inequalities are eliminated, aging would be postponed."

But would it? The fate of Swift's Struldbrugs should be a warning—though in reverse: the risk now is that ways are on the verge of being found to keep bodies alive, without reference to the needs of the human psyche. If this could be done selectively—where, for an example, an organ is damaged by accident—there would be no demur; but it seems all too likely that some people will cling to life even after it has ceased to be meaningful to them, and that the rich will be able to afford to gratify this desire.

This will also apply, of course, if the rejuvenation goal is reached by a different route, currently more in favour with orthodoxy: by the discovery of bio-chemical agents capable of deceiving the human body into accepting alien grafts. It may well be that the ultimate solution will be found by some scientist who has never heard of Niehans—and who may even win a Nobel Prize, among the plaudits of orthodoxy, for proving Niehans right. I would like to think that when science comes up with the answer, he—along with Brown-Séquard, Steinach, and even Voronoff—will be conceded their right to a niche in the Temple of Fame; and that Mocquot, Goetze-Claren, and the rest will enjoy the enviable prestige that has so far been denied them.

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 62-63; other views, yardages, details)



7192

Above: The cropped jersey jump—pattern does not include pockets or the open collar. We added the pockets, the pointed collar, and opened the centre front seam slightly. Vogue Pattern 7192. Sizes 10-16. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 35/36" fabric with or without nap. $1.50. Canada, $1.65.



7176

Above: The gabardine culotte-suit—pattern does not include the jacket collar. We added the collar, and used snaps instead of buttons to close the jacket. Vogue Pattern 7176. Sizes 10-18. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 54" fabric with or without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

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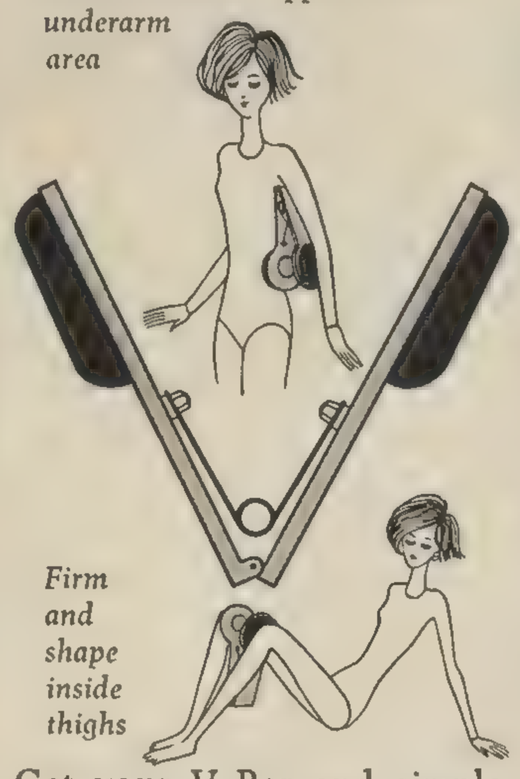


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Bahia, my love

(Continued from page 97)

slowly, like an oil, from the houses and the black stones, from the gilded churches, from the voodoo rings where the holy women chant to the gods in an African tongue. It flows from the streets whose names are like poems: Street of the Fifteen Mysteries, Street of the Head, Square of the Seven Doors, Belvedere of the Afflicted. It flows from the Catholic saints and angels sculptured in wood or clay and from the Negro gods wrought in iron: Xangô, Oxossi, Ogum, Oxum, Yansã. the warrior goddess, and Omulu, who causes and cures smallpox. From this white and this Negro art, blended into a mulatto art, modern Bahian sculpture was born, with its present-day masters of iron and wood, Agnaldo and Mario Cravo.

In a poor neighbourhood, in some old two-storey house one unexpectedly comes upon the richness of ancient ornamental tiles.

Seated opposite her trays of bean-and-oil cake, crab stew, and coconut candy, the Negress looks as if she had stepped out of an engraving by Debret, with her full, vividly coloured skirt, her white turban, her perfect breasts almost bursting out of the fine lace of her blouse, her necklaces and bracelets, her many trinkets with their ritual meanings. When you see her imperial bearing, when you hear her warm, amorous laugh and her honeyed drawl, you know that she is really the queen of the city, this poor Negress who works so hard for her living.

On every corner of Bahia you find this splendour of food displayed on trays. Bahian cooking is among the most exquisite and refined in the world. It is the flower of a mestizo civilization, a mating of sugar and pepper, of ginger and palm oil, of cumin and sugar-cane rum. *Vatapá*, a delicately seasoned mixture of manioc meal and fish or meat; *efó*, made with shrimp, greens, pepper, and palm oil; *xinxim*, a stew of chicken, grated onion and garlic, palm oil, dried shrimp, and pumpkin seeds—these, made by the hands of Bahian Negresses, are daily renewals of divine creation.

The Bahian man is imaginative and friendly. He is the son of a land of coconut milk, mussels, and sea breezes. He knows the most sonorous words, some of them difficult, and he sings them in long, round sentences. He is the son of a land of mixed blood, where one finds every shade of dark complexion including that of the most beautiful women in the world: the Bahian mulattoes.

Negresses who look like queens of forgotten tribes, white women with seductive drawls, wasp-waisted mulatto women with their undulous walk. Bahian women are born to a certain provocative, almost prim coquetry, to afternoon naps in a hammock under a mango tree, to the sighs and delights of love.

A city of artists—painters, etchers, sculptors, poets, novelists, composers. All of Bahia's art and literature are born of the culture and civilization created by the genius of the Bahian people. Many artists come from distant places, find here the country of their hearts, and become Bahians. Hector Carybé, for example, the great painter, is now the most Bahian of Bahians: He plays the Jew's harp and has even become a voodoo priest.

But not everything is sweetness, poetry, and dazzling beauty. Drama explodes where starving children swarm the streets; it explodes in the palafittes, in the slums, in the swamps; it explodes in the increasing number of beggars, in the persistent hunger. The dramatic, age-old beauty of Bahia, compounded of wealth and misery, of pain and hope, is transformed into art on the canvases of its master painters, such as Jenner Augusto and Carlos Bastos.

At night the mystery intensifies. At the crossings of the narrow streets, the ironic god Exú observes the passers-by, and his impish laughter sounds like the little bells on a jester's costume. From everywhere, from impossibly steep streets, from hidden nooks comes the echo of strange orchestras composed of drums, maracas, and Afro-Brazilian iron percussion instruments.

The music calls the voodoo priests and priestesses to worship. In the starry sky the yellow moon diffuses silver and gold. The gods come down to the ceremonial plots and possess the bodies of their devotees. At every instant a magical world is born in the African chant, in the amazing dance, in the spells through which the worshippers pray for health, wealth, and love —mostly love.

Roosters, lambs, and goats are sacrificed, and their blood is spilled on the images of the gods in the secret chambers. The voodoo festivities pierce through the night and awaken the dawn.

At daybreak the mulatto woman sings her song of frank invitation and desire to the master of a fishing boat:

If you have a woman,
Don't pass my way.
I'm made all of waves,
Of the waves of the sea
In the path of your boat,
In the path of your love.

Customers cluster about the trays of the Negresses. They try the porridges of corn, manioc, and tapioca. They eat the cassava cakes and the dishes of sheep's viscera and blood. The commercial part of the city, near the port, is still asleep. But the areas where people live are waking up as the last drumbeats die out. The city begins to move toward the sea, for the morning is the time of the sea.

To live in this city of Bahia is a privilege; to visit it is to discover beauty and humanity. It is my city, and in the many other cities in which I have lived, suffered, and loved, I have always seen Bahia in some local aspect of beauty. But no other city is like her, so thick with the oil of life, so right for man and his desire. Here, when the time comes, I wish to die, feeling the ocean breeze, listening to the drums and to the songs of the sailors. This is the magical city built on a mountain yet penetrated by the sea, my Bahia of All Saints.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

Absolute Fonteyn

(Continued from page 69)

think about it. You seem to be two, but that's only a semblance. A woman can't know who she is before she knows who her husband is. I went my way all by myself, not knowing who I was; I was nailed in the box with my success until the day I met him."

"What is success?"

She reaches for the right words.

"The smoke of the cigarette you are in the act of smoking."

The terrain of success, unknown to millions of men and women, she knew so early—at the age of fifteen—that it is no longer for her a realm of adventure. It is her native land. The dance defines her, but in the same way that any job defines any woman. Behind it, there is a common destiny.

"After a forty-two-minute ovation, is one as deeply alone as ever?"

"More so," she says. "There's so much superstition about success that the moment you have it and so many others don't, it robs you of your right to complain.

"And when solitude is deprived of its right to speak out, it grows, it digs in, it becomes an abomination. . . . Until the evening Roberto Arias knocks at your dressing-room door at the Metropolitan, in New York, and reminds you—seventeen years later—that you used to know each other at Cambridge University, when he was an undergraduate."

"Did he sense the aloneness?"

"He senses everything."

She'd fallen in love with him at first sight when she was eighteen. The time it took for her to recognize him again was all the time it took for her to fall in love all over again. Were it not for that bullet in the spinal column . . . Will I dare say the words aloud? No.

Gradually I perceive more and more clearly the origin of her second career—of that second wind that, at the age of forty-two, after she had met Nureyev, returned her to the world stage: It was a passion to exorcise destiny. That is to say, a taste for adventure carried to its maximum. Precisely because he was very young—twenty-three—and strong and of extraordinary virtuosity, she chose to dance with Nureyev.

"Challenge—I like that. I said to myself that he was going to obliterate me. I had the choice—to dance with him or not. I chose to make the effort. I mean the effort required if I were not to be lost opposite him, because of him."

It worked. From capital to capital and to the thunder of applause, they danced together with profound understanding. He, too, when he dances with her must make an effort—the effort to adapt to the unique grace with which her body moves.

"We understand each other very well. We've the same ideas about the dance. We're serious in the same way."

What does she mean by that?

"Serious about work and about being strict with oneself. Never letting oneself get drunk on success."

"Did you ever?"

"When I was very young, yes, for a few months. But very quickly I realized that my friends were avoiding me. And I understood that I'd got off on the wrong track."

Nureyev is as alone as was she before her meeting with the man from Panama. She understands him. His dissipation she concedes. She feels friendship and respect for him. His rages—he can often be very difficult—in her view are justified. They derive from a comprehension of what the dance is such as she has never encountered before.

Thirty years ago she reached the top rank in what became the Royal Ballet. She is now the company's Guest Artist so that the place she used to hold may be open to others. She takes care to make this point clear. But the trappings of her career bore her.

Side by side with her defiance of destiny there is the faculty of allowing herself no illusion about the future. She watches it advance. It will be what it will be in appearance. It will be what she will make of it in fact.

TRANSLATOR, ADRIENNE FOULKE

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Status symbols: on the nail

Beautiful long nails used to be a sign of idleness. Sort of a status, "I have more servants than you have" thing. Now a woman gets fairly defensive if she doesn't sculpt, go on archeological digs, or, at the very least, produce complexly beautiful meals at a moment's notice. That is, if she doesn't dig in. Still she has, or tries hard to have, beautiful long nails. Maybe she, we, all of us won't have to try so hard anymore. Thanks to news of a nail conditioner, called RRP, which, the patent says, is formulated for the purpose of reinforcing the body of nails, increasing their resistance to cracking, breaking, splitting. Stronger nails grow longer. Makes sense. Put together by Baisley Laboratories with natural protein and keratin, RRP is a pretty blue liquid in a cosmetic-y bottle. You brush it on and under tips. While you're waiting for your nails to grow, you might dwell on fact of mutual pact among women. Though our handiwork might be taxing (especially to nails), we want it to seem easy. Somewhat like Fred Astaire's dancing. That's style.

Generation gap in the bathroom?

If you think the ancient Romans had anything on us in the bath ritual bit, just wander down the beauty aisle in, as they say, your favourite store. Glance over the powders, oils, soaps, salts, bubbles, perfumes, lotions, and combinations thereof. As you know, these bathing beauties don't just sit there. They move into our houses in an endless stream. Proving that we really love the stuff, and in great diversity. Now we celebrate Moussel, a deep pink, bubbling, lavender-scented foam gel for bath, shower, shampoo. Born in Paris, famous on the Continent, now brought here by Mem. The makers of Moussel seem to have thought of everything. Plastic squeeze tubes, the easier to travel, uneasier to waste away. Nearly neutral on acid-alkaline scale, for delicate skin. Concentrated, meaning a little goes you know. Contains moisturizers, skin softeners, even a deodorant. With luck, Moussel might close the generation gap in the bath areas of the household. That is, if the gap doesn't seem to stretch to ancient Rome, as in one family we happen to know well.

Hair myths exploded

(Continued from page 83)

eral months, it will begin to regrow.

Is hair loss during pregnancy real or imagined? During pregnancy, because of the hormonal balances, you shed less and grow more. After childbirth, because of the loss of the placenta and the huge hormone output of the ovary, there is an increased rate of shedding with which regrowth doesn't keep up. The marked post-pregnancy thinning of hair usually compensates for itself within the year. If a woman does have another form of hair loss, each pregnancy will sort of stabilize it. And then, after childbirth, she'll come back with a vengeance to where she would have been if she had been losing her hair gradually.

Should seasonal hair loss be treated? It is medically possible to suppress seasonal hair loss with estrogens. But unless it's associated with clinical thinning of hair, doctors feel it is foolish to bother thwarting hair loss that comes naturally because it makes little cosmetic difference. You can lose up to 30% of your hair without clinical hair loss. "But," one dermatologist said, "to the woman who already has scanty hair, these seasonal variations can be catastrophic. For her you try to diminish the loss, keep it to a low point. But to do this you have to give high doses of female hormones with all the attendant consequences."

Does hair grow faster in hot weather? Yes, in hot weather the rate of hair growth does go up—and goes down, of course, in cold weather. But in our society with the clothing and temperature control, there would not be such a dramatic change as there would, say, for someone who switched from the Equator to the North Pole and lived a relatively exposed life.

True that fine hair gets oily sooner than coarse hair? No. But because of its nature, fine hair shows the effects of oil more quickly, gets matted down more easily than coarse hair, therefore appears to get oily sooner.

How can excessively oily hair be corrected or controlled? Generally, dermatologists attack oily hair first by prescribing more shampooing. "Drying shampoos settle the problem 99% of the time," said one. Only when local therapy doesn't work do they resort to internal therapy. Drugs can cut down the oil activity. Almost any of the estrogens will reduce the oil gland output of both skin and scalp.

Vitamins can stop greying? No, nor can any medication that dermatologists know of, except in certain disease states. Like hair colour, the degree of greying is hereditary. One inbred Indian tribe in the Middlewest, for instance, has silvery-white hair from childhood on. . . . But the day is not far off, dermatologists predict, when research will unravel greying to the extent that it can be controlled. . . . ***Can hair turn grey overnight?*** No. Only people with a certain rare disease go partially bald suddenly, losing their dark pigmented hair overnight, retaining just their grey hair.

Is dandruff infectious? No. Common garden-variety dandruff is not a person-to-person matter. ***Treated how?*** Ambitious shampooing, to start with. The anti-dandruff shampoos are fine, but in a pinch an ordinary shampoo will do. An ordinary shampoo used frequently can be as effective as even a prescription anti-dandruff shampoo used less frequently.

Do hairpieces or wigs hurt one's hair? No. Unless their method of attachment produces excessive pulling on the scalp.

Does massage help the scalp? It helps remove soil, it helps put in medication. But "Massage does not grow hair" is the message.

What about a sensitive scalp, a head that screams on colouring or other hair processing? If people have true allergic reactions, you have to work out a tinting or hair-care régime that excludes the offending agents in the hair products.

What, if anything, can be done about irrevocable "bald spots?" Transplants. This surgical treatment of baldness has been doing remarkable things for thousands of male heads (many of them celebrated). "An impressively simple office procedure requiring only a skin biopsy punch and local anesthesia . . . developed by Dr. Norman Orentreich to redistribute to the bald spots small patches of hair from the posterior scalp, where hair usually persists long after the top is shiny." This description of it was given as long ago as 1961 in *Spectrum*. What was once a highly experimental procedure is now being performed by physicians all over the world, will some day become standard procedure in almost every dermatologist's office. . . . Men will probably remain the best customers. But women are going in for it, too. No spot need remain vacant.

More about the science of hair-keeping in Vogue's April issues.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN

Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

The New Good Life on Jamaica

The new trend for visitors going to the Caribbean island of Jamaica for a warm weekend or several weeks is to rent houses with all their pleasures—privacy, quiet, gardens with pools—but without the headaches of housekeeping. The houses, many of them new, some on the grand old Newport scale, come staffed, some even with cars. . . . More and more, people are drawn from the beach to the hills, Jamaica's green backdrop along the sea.

AROUND MONTEGO BAY. New, next to Doctor's Cave—that well-known but small beach—the restaurant of the Casa Blanca Hotel stands on stilts over the sea. German chef, dancing. . . . The new place to sun at Round Hill, a colony of attractive houses smothered in flowers, is on the parapet, a long arm of concrete stretching into the Caribbean. It's customary to call Round Hill "The Compound," and its block of hotel rooms along the beach "The Barracks." *Note:* At black-tie dinners at tables under trees hung with crystal chandeliers, women wear ravishing pyjamas rather than evening dresses; during the day, slick trousers and swimsuits. . . . New name for beautiful made-to-order clothes is Trevor Owen, a Jamaican who works out of an old Georgian house. For a starter, Trevor Owen received gilt-edged hints from Captain Edward Molyneux, great Paris couturier turned painter. . . . Some of the furniture in the main house of Miranda Hill, a well-run cottage hotel, once belonged to Captain Molyneux, who built the place and put up his guests in the cottages. . . . New for Jamaica are the sauna baths at Sunset Lodge, a pink pile of hotel on the sea. . . . Across from Sunset is the new two-storeyed span of the elegant Carlyle Beach Hotel. . . . At Tryall, its new pool offers both a built-in bar and a view of the spectacularly beautiful golf course curling around green humps to the glazed blue sea.

AROUND OCHO RIOS. At the Shaw Park Hotel, an elevator lifts guests from the beach to the hotel's new mountainside wing with extravagant rooms and apartments all exposed to the sea. . . . The Ruin, a new restaurant in an old limestone house, stands close by the fern-lined path of a noisy waterfall.

AROUND KINGSTON, Jamaica's port city. In the extravagant proportions of a remodelled great house high above the sea, Terra Nova Hotel glows with crystal chandeliers and serves in its dining room very good food.

GOING NEWS. Jamaica Villa Car is the company set up to rent villas staffed with servants and with a car. Rentals from $50 a day include unlimited car mileage. In New York, Stanley Vaughan Real Estate, 18 East 60th Street, makes arrangements; in Jamaica's Montego Bay, Dolphin Bay Limited does. . . . One way to prolong for another four days and to cushion the end of a Jamaican holiday is to return on one of Grace Lines' white "Santa" twin ships—the "Paula" or the "Rosa"—both with continued beach pleasures aboard. The Caribbean is their cruising beat. Heading north, one of the "Santas" sails from Kingston every Saturday at six in the evening, pauses at Port-au-Prince and Fort Lauderdale, docks in New York at eight in the morning the following Wednesday. Rock-bottom fare, Kingston to New York, for each of two people in an outside stateroom—all are outside—and with a shower, $220. . . . Air Jamaica jets from New York to Montego Bay in about two hours and a half, then zips across to Kingston in twenty-five minutes: one-way fare in first class, $171; in economy, $116.

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Girls' Camp

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School & Camp Information . . .

gathered by Vogue's staff, is available without charge. If you need help in finding the right place for your son or daughter, please fill in this coupon and mail to Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10017.

Please indicate interest in schools_____ or camps _____

Mr.
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Daughter_____ Son_____ Age now_____ Grade now_____

Special interests_____

Location preferred_____ Approximate fee_____

1-15-68

WORLD'S FIRST EFFORTLESS EXERCISER!



Perfected by a leading physician—*to give you a new body and a new heart in just two easy minutes a day.*

Let us repeat this fundamental fact again: This revolutionary new exerciser is so easy to use that you may not believe it could possibly do you any good when you first try it.

Yet it is designed to make you look *years younger*—in other words, slimmer and taller and stronger—virtually overnight. And especially to make that "Middle-Age Stomach", and "Middle-Age Slouch", and "Middle-Age Legs" *go for good—in far less time every day than it takes you to smoke a single cigarette.*

And—most important of all—IT MAKES YOUR BODY AS YOUNG INSIDE AS OUT! Totally different—far more effective than mere Isometrics, in just two minutes a day it gives your *heart and lungs* the work-out they so desperately need. Gets your blood flowing strong and hard again. Cleanses your circulation. Tones up your heart muscles. *Pours new reserves of oxygen into your blood stream—so you SOAR WITH ENERGY the entire rest of that day.*

Here's how incredibly easy it is. Here's why two thrilling minutes, this new doctor's way, *may give your body as much benefit —inside and out—as A FULL HALF HOUR, the old sweat-and-strain way . . .*

THE BASIC IDEA IS THIS:
To Make Health-Building, Body-Molding Exercise SO QUICK AND EASY THAT YOU CAN STICK TO IT FOR GOOD.

Quite frankly, the development of this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER is based on this simple fact: That every single man and woman in America needs the right kind of exercise *every single day—but just doesn't have the time or energy to sweat-and-strain for it the old-fashioned way.*

Let's leave aside for the moment the fact that UNDER-EXERCISE makes most men and women *look middle-aged* by the time they reach their late twenties. Because their stomach muscles go . . . their back muscles go . . . their chest muscles go—*and they walk around looking like tired pretzels, and envying the tall, straight teenagers that tower over them.*

Let's leave aside the fact that UNDER-EXERCISE causes most of the people you know, most of the time, to live constantly on the very border-line of fatigue—*just too darned tired to really enjoy life.*

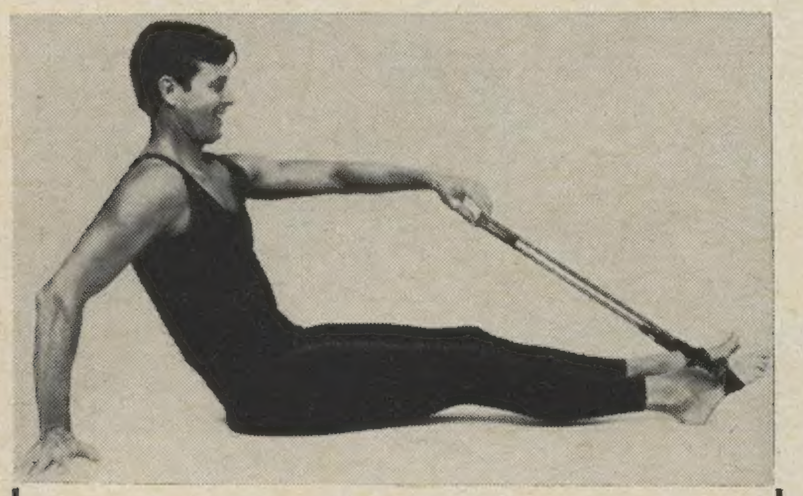
Let's concentrate instead for sixty seconds on one brutal fact that most people spend their entire lives avoiding: That this same UNDER-EXERCISE is one of the prime causes of a whole host of diseases—including high-blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, hardening of the arteries and, above all, *heart attack*—the Number One killer of our time.

For example (and this is vitally important), no one really knows all the causes of heart attack—but one thing seems pretty certain: The average American, who habitually under-exercises and over-eats, *begins to NARROW the vital arteries leading into his—or her—heart after the age of twenty-five.*

This sets up chest pain, shortness of breath, possible heart attack. *The big problem, therefore, is to BROADEN those vital heart arteries again. This can be done only by making your heart PUMP HARDER THAN USUAL every day.* And therefore it is the prime reason you should exercise EVERY SINGLE DAY.

Now, you can increase this heart beat—you can get this absolutely vital heart exercise—in several different ways. A good game of tennis, handball, ping pong or the like will do it. *But most people don't have the time or the facilities.* Or you can jog—around a gym, or a block, or a room in your home for half an hour every day. *This is by far the best form of all-around exercise for your heart and your body ever invented. But again—most people just don't have the time or the effort to STICK TO IT. Like push-ups, or sit-ups or all the other forms of sweat-and-strain calisthenics, they'll do it for a day, or a week, or a month —and then LAPSE RIGHT BACK INTO THAT DEADLY INACTIVITY.*

That is, UNTIL TODAY! Because now a whole new world of EASY EXERCISE . . . QUICK EXERCISE . . . CONDENSED EXERCISE has been discovered. *To tone you up—inside and out —in exactly 120 seconds. And make you feel GREAT again!*



A SPECIAL NOTE FOR MEN!

Now you don't have to be strenuous to be strong. Here's physical fitness made easy—*a Power-Packed Body in exactly 120 seconds a day!* Puts muscle on where you want it—takes flab off where you want it. Gives you strong muscular legs that never tire—iron stamina, inside and out. *Prove it yourself: improve your athletic performance so much that you can drive a golf ball 15 yards farther!* Try it entirely at our risk—TODAY.

HOW DOES IT WORK?
In Two Ways:
Sixty Seconds For Your Upper Body.
Sixty Seconds For Your Lower Body.

And now, for contrast, let's picture your first session with this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER:

It looks, of course, like a huge clothes pin. It is ultimately simple—nothing to assemble—ready to go the instant you take it out of the box—nothing more than a single steel spring with handles. Therefore, it is impossible to break—needs no skill, ability, strength or experience to use at all.

It is, in fact, so gentle that it can be used by anyone up to ninety years of age in complete safety—even, when properly supervised, by patients recovering from heart attack. You will realize WHY, the very first moment you use it:

Here's all you do: Simply release the snap at the bottom of the EXERCISER, that holds the handles together. Immediately, the handles will start to spread apart in your hands. Now simply reach up and close the handles together, till your palms touch. Then let them open again. And then reach up and close them.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! You are simply opening and closing the EXERCISER, with a circular motion, in front of your body. Once again—the first time you perform this motion, you will think it is absurd. It is simply too fast . . . too gentle . . . too easy to do!

But then—as you do five of these motions . . . ten of these motions . . . twenty of these simple motions—*you will notice a transformation beginning to spread through your entire upper body. In the first thirty seconds alone. THIS is what you will realize—*

A Full Inch Seems To Have Disappeared From Your Waistline (And Been Added To Your Height) In The First 30 Seconds Alone!

1. YOUR SHOULDERS AUTOMATICALLY MOVE BACK. Every time you open and close this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER, you are working against the tension of its steel spring. Although that tension is purposely designed to be so gentle you hardly feel it, *you will notice that your shoulders react to it immediately.* Your shoulders automatically move forward as you open the EXERCISER . . . automatically thrust back as you close it—*and always against the gentle tension of the spring.*

This simple motion is designed to correct, first of all, the hours of *hunching over* you do every day at a desk, typewriter, or wheel of a car. Now, suddenly, *without your paying any conscious attention to them at all,* your shoulders are strengthened and pushed back. At the close of every one of these gentle movements, *you are automatically standing at attention—with your entire body raised to its full height—standing as you see a soldier stand . . . or a football player . . . or (if you are a woman) as a ballerina stands.*

And this is just the beginning—For at exactly the same time—

2. YOUR CHEST AUTOMATICALLY THRUSTS FORWARD. YOUR WAISTLINE AUTOMATICALLY PULLS IN. We ask you to do these EFFORTLESS EXERCISES, from the very first day, in front of a mirror. Look at yourself *sideways* in that mirror. Notice that as your shoulders move back, your chest *must* push out to compensate for them, and your stomach *must* pull in to support it. Again—*you are not thinking about your waist muscles at all*—but they are moving in . . . tightening up . . . leaving only air where flab was just seconds before!

And it's still only the beginning. For now comes the real payoff:

3. YOUR HEART AUTOMATICALLY BEGINS TO PUMP HARDER. YOUR LUNGS AUTOMATICALLY BREATHE DEEPER. This is the true goal of this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER. For you are going to do these simple, gentle, circular motions sixty times every day—one every second—a total of one minute a day for your upper body. *Although they are effortless in the beginning, they take enough work in that final exhilarating thirty seconds to MAKE YOUR HEART WAKE UP AND COME ALIVE AGAIN!*

You can believe this: At the end of that first thirty seconds alone, you'll see the results you've wanted (and your doctor has wanted) for years. Your lungs will be breathing deeply—*good clean oxygen will be pouring into them; supercharging them for the entire day to come.* Your face will be flushed and glowing; you'll have a better "facial treatment" than any two hours, or $20, could ever buy you at a beauty parlor.

And, above all, YOUR HEART WILL BE SENDING BLOOD SURGING THROUGH EVERY ARTERY AND VEIN AND CAPILLARY IN YOUR BODY! Feel your pulse. It's probably beating half again as fast as it was a minute before.

And this is exactly what that doctor wants to get from you! He wants to move that pulse into full gear—coax that heart into cruising (instead of idling) speed AT LEAST ONCE A DAY! To flush poisons out of your blood stream . . . pour oxygen in . . . STRETCH those arteries a little . . . make them tougher, smoother, MORE ELASTIC—AND BUILD ANOTHER TWENTY, THIRTY OR EVEN FORTY YEARS OF YOUTH AND HEALTH INTO YOUR BODY!

And now let's do the same thing for your *lower* body—

Far Better Than A Portable Rowing Machine —To Make Your Hips And Thighs Look Younger . . . Stronger . . . Longer!

Now you do the same thing for your hips, legs and thighs. You simply sit down on the floor . . . attach the straps on the handles to your feet . . . and again make simple circular closing motions with the EXERCISER—this time with your feet.

Again, the first one or two motions are so easy that you simply can't believe they're doing you any good. *But then you notice the muscles of your abdomen automatically beginning to pull in and tighten.* You feel the driving muscles of your legs tense and then relax and then tense again with every motion—*putting new power and stamina into those legs that will keep you zipping along all day and all night, even when your friends are wilting like dying flowers all around you.*

You will also notice—in that very first minute alone—that dozens of tiny, vital muscles in the back of your thighs and hips that were almost impossible for you to exercise before, *are now coming to life again . . . beginning to iron out those hanging, "washboard ridges" of flesh that caused you to wince everytime you slipped into a bathing suit.*

And, most important of all, when you slip off the EXERCISER straps just 60 seconds later, *not only will you have recharged your legs, thighs, hips and stomach—but your heart and lungs as well!* For the second time in two brief minutes, *you will have given your entire circulatory system the FLUSHING OUT, BUILDING UP workout it so desperately needs.* And you will have done it all—top and bottom, inside and out—all the exercise you need for the entire day—*in far less time than it takes you to smoke a single cigarette.*

A SPECIAL NOTE FOR WOMEN!

Squeeze away your hips and tummy! Firm up your bustline—straighten your posture—take inches off the appearance of your hips, thighs, waistline. *And put a glow in your complexion doing it that no cosmetic on earth can ever match.*

Your tape measure will tell you: though not a single masculine muscle appears anywhere on your body, *you'll have developed a HIDDEN MUSCLE-GIRDLE that you never take off—that controls your figure at all times, even when you're completely relaxed.* Prove it yourself, entirely at our risk, TODAY.

Prove It At Our Risk!

The cost of this revolutionary EFFORTLESS EXERCISER is only $9.98 complete for the woman's version—and only $11.98 complete for the men's version (which requires slightly more strength to close). If you wish to purchase both at the time time, however, they are yours for a combined price of only $19.96—*a saving of two dollars!*

But as we have said before, *you must actually use this amazing EFFORTLESS EXERCISER to believe it.* Therefore, we allow you to prove it for ten full days entirely at our risk. Satisfy yourself that it is actually so easy, it is *habit-forming*—that you just couldn't be without it! Or, if you are not delighted at the end of that time, *simply return it for every cent of your money back.*

A SPECIAL NOTE FOR PHYSICIANS!

Medical ethics, of course, prevent us from mentioning the name of the leading American physician who developed this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER. Since, however, we believe that this EXERCISER should be given to each of your patients—*to persuade people to exercise consistently, who would never otherwise do so*—we have prepared a small booklet, describing the background and efforts of this EXERCISER.

This booklet contains extensive medical references and clinical data. It also enables you to order the EXERCISER at reduced rates in volume for your patients. A request sent to us on your letterhead will bring it to you at once.

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Gentlemen! Yes, I want to try your EFFORTLESS EXERCISER in the privacy of my own home—entirely at your risk! I am enclosing only the special low price shown below. I understand that I may use the Exerciser(s) for ten full days, and then, if I am not ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED, I may return it for full refund of list purchase price.

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☐ Check here for WOMAN'S Effortless Exerciser, only $9.98

☐ CHECK HERE AND SAVE TWO DOLLARS! Get both Effortless Exercisers—Man's model and Woman's model—a $21.96 value—for only $19.96!

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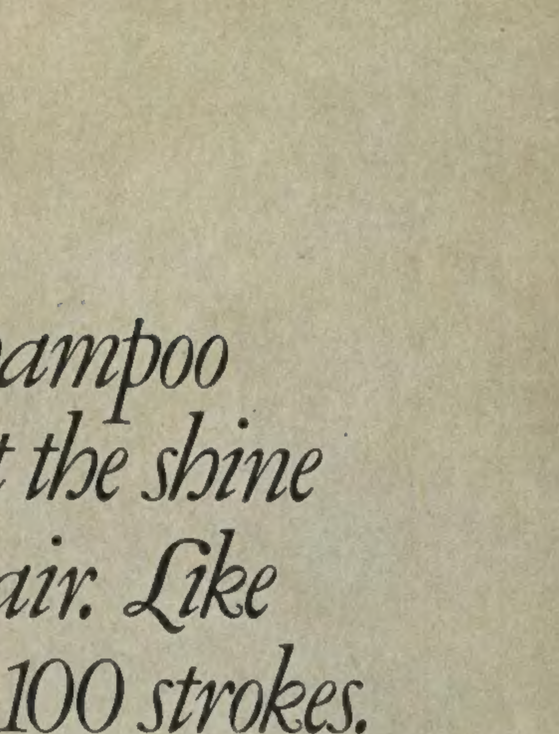
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